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BEN. FRANKLIN.

Of all the men who were the offspring of the mighty events which preceded the Revolution—men who stand out among their compeers of the seventeenth century as do the lofty monuments of Palmyra above the surrounding level—Ben Franklin, save Washington, becomes more and more appreciated by time—more distinctive as the representation of his age—more mighty as the great embodiment of the self-made republican man. The sword has ever been, poetry to the contrary, mightier than the pen. Our race is too evil, too destructive, to love and admire the victor who wins his laurels in the pursuits of peace and not amid the carnage of the battle-field. But old Ben Franklin, whose name we abbreviate when we mention it, from the same gushing affection we do those of our cherished "little ones," holds his absorbing place in our affections, in spite of the clarion trumpet of war, in spite of the emblazoned glory of the conqueror; and we turn from bloody heroes who have fascinated us, to revel with equal yet more holy delight in the peaceful triumphs of the humble printer's boy. It is no wonder that Boston, the cradle of liberty and historic revolutionary associations, honors his memory. That the capital of the old commonwealth gave him birth is as proud a heritage as that she encircles within her limits Fanueil Hall and the mighty heart of Bunker Hill.

In the excitement of the present hour, when the pursuit of material wealth, and the commercial prosperity of our people, lead us to forget the throes of the past which preceded our matured birth—when we look coldly upon the sufferings of Valley Forge, and forget the examples of patience and forbearance which characterized our revolutionary fathers—when we become regardless of the sentiments of Jefferson—the benign preaching of Madison, and even often indifferent to the dying words of the great "father of his country"—the power of Franklin loses not its hold upon the popular mind, for, while he is as mighty as the greatest in execution, he is more sympathized with than any of his compeers, because he reached the masses through a sublimer simplicity than any other human being ever possessed, and prepared the way for the affectionate admiration of posterity, by never losing sight of the humbler necessities of life, by never sacrificing realities to the more enchanting and easier gathered fruits of imaginary good.

The exaltation of Old Ben Franklin never takes him beyond the social hearth, never elevates him above the sympathies of the family circle—his portrait, in all its paternal beauty, adorns the cotter's walls, and yet, in majestic grandeur, is fitly associated with kings. The despots of the old world encourage the multiplication of his resemblance upon the rude crockery ware of the most degraded serf, because his example encourages thrift—they place it upon their goblets carved from precious stones, because his triumphs were those of peace. He is loved by all because he was useful, venerated by all because he was honest, and never creating envy, because he was disinterested and, beyond ameliorating the condition of his race, unambitious as a child. The personal appearance of the old philosopher is as familiar as if he were still among us. Art, however humble, catches his character, his plain coat, his broad-brimmed hat; his smiling face moves about, as if he were still

breathing in our thoroughfares, still a visitor in our family circle, still a participant in our most useful triumphs. Whenever he approaches, a universal smile marks the recognition; age and youth sit down together, alike interested, alike the disciples as companions of the "printer's boy."

Where stands the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence, is to be seen old Ben Franklin, then in the maturity of his intellect. Comparatively an old man among his immediate compatriots, he presents a guiding council, rich in experience, and capable, by mental superiority, of giving advice. How necessary was his mind, his peculiarities, his very personal appearance, to complete the wonderful Congress that gave to America freedom, and to the world a republic more mighty than Rome.

No wonder that old Ben Franklin reaches the heart of the people. Transplanted from our primitive forests and small towns to the centre of the most polished and haughty court of Europe, representing a nation of rebels, a people without a name, a country without wealth, he made no sacrifice to an etiquette that demanded a livery in the presence of kings, but retained the garb of his American life, and became conspicuous, among an aristocracy glittering with decorations, for his plainness—towered above the congregated minds with which he was surrounded by

the very grandeur of his genius, an acknowledged sovereign; and though possessing no rank, no ancestry, no power, yet, in the very greatness of his original nature, was acknowledged superior to the titled, and treated as an equal by majesty itself.

The triumph of Franklin was greater than that our heroes achieved on the battle-field. Our Waynes and Sumpters asserted the principle of freedom with the servants of power; Franklin, unaided, save by the wonderful panoply of his own innate greatness, branded the assumptions of oppression in their strongholds, and crushed in a moment the usages of aristocracy, made sacred by immemorial deference; successfully asserted his individuality, in spite of precedent, established by ages of immunity, and stood the first man, acknowledged for his personal worth, in the presence of kings. Franklin did this before our rebellion had ripened into successful revolution; did this with no other authority than the just asserted fact of the Declaration of Independence, "that all men were born free and equal"—under the circumstances by far the mightiest individual assumption of the principle ever made by man.

Franklin's popularity in his own day was as remarkable as any other quality that distinguished him from his fellow men. "He had," says a cotemporary and friend of John Adams, "the singular felicity to enjoy the entire esteem and affection of all the phi-

losophers of every denomination, he was not less regarded by all the sects and denominations of Christians. The Catholics thought him almost a Catholic. The Church of England claimed him as one of them. The Presbyterians thought him half a Presbyterian, and the Friends believed him a wet quaker. The dissenting clergymen in England and America were among the most distinguished asserters and propagators of his renown. Indeed, all sects considered him, and I believe justly, a friend to unlimited toleration." To his further honor be it remarked how well-balanced was his freedom of mind; he advised youth that in religion "it is best to believe," and urged Paine to throw his "Age of Reason" into the devouring flames.

The whole life of Franklin was devoted to usefulness, and that which could be considered of the most practical kind. Never was there with him an hour idle, or a day lost. He was occupied either with the most absorbing subjects of practical philosophy, or bringing his vast resources to give useful information under the guise of a pleasant tale. He remedied the evils of smoky chimnies, and then created a pathway to lead the fiery bolts of Jupiter harmless to the ground. Ambitious of usefulness not only in the moral as well as the physical world, he concentrated his vast experience into proverbs, and in such spiritual shapes brought his wisdom into every household, thus teaching economy and independence, and making thrift and forethought the very foundations of the American character. All honor to Ben Franklin, who thus stamped the great leading characteristics of his mind upon our people, and prepared them for the practical benefits accruing from the fruition of the labors of his associated statesmen and patriots of the Revolution.

Let his statue adorn every city. About it can only be appropriately associated the triumphs of peace. He was an exemplar of the people, and while gazed upon, creates only heart-



ERNESTINE AND ANNIE HENRARDE—AT BROUGHAM'S BOWERY THEATRE.—AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

felt sympathy unmixed by awe. His greatness is kindred with the pursuits of the merchant and the architect, the student and the philosopher, the master and the apprentice. Nothing which adds to the material happiness of a community was by him overlooked; nothing that can elevate the mind has he disregarded. Under his magic touch sprang forth the principle of true benevolence, personified by the foundation of our free libraries and our scientific institutions, our universal education and general intelligence. Such was Ben Franklin, the printer's boy, the philosopher, the peer of kings, the adviser of heroes, the counsellor of statesmen, dividing with Washington the glory of founding the greatest Republic of the world.

BROUGHAM'S DANCERS AT THE BOWERY THEATRE. FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

ERNESTINE and Annie Henrard were born in the romantic village of Escher, near London, of French parents. Their father was one of Napoleon's old guard, and a prodigious favorite of Mons. Laporte, who, when lessee of her Majesty's Theatre, gave him a responsible position in the front of the house, where his urbanity and general attention gained him many friends amongst the habitués of that fashionable establishment. Of course from such a paternity the young ladies had many advantages, and consequently at a very early age were placed under the able tuition of the then famous ballet-master, Mons. Delamater. Being both industrious and capable, they gradually advanced in their arduous and tasking profession, unobtrusively but surely, through all the subordinate gradations; and so great was their proficiency and improvement, that when the impresario of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, paid a visit to London for the purpose of obtaining a more than usually fine corps de ballet, the sisters Henrard were selected to take the first place. For one entire season they performed to the perfect satisfaction of the court and nobility, and excited the greatest enthusiasm amongst the cold and phlegmatic Danes. Ernestine, especially, whose greatest ability has not yet been exhibited—Mr. Brougham wisely reserving that as a *bonne bouche* for the patrons of the Bowery, it is in pantomime parts—combining such facial expression with rapid and eloquent "poetry of motion," that she is most renowned; and we hear that the industrious manager has already fitted her with a character in a new drama, particularly calculated to bring out her speciality in the most vivid form.

The young ladies have in the meantime fully established themselves in the affections of the Bowery audiences, and we hope they will remain part and parcel of that flourishing establishment; but of that we have little fear, for we lately heard a rumor, much more to their credit than to that of the individual who essayed to tempt them from their allegiance by large offers; to which they nobly replied that the manager of the Bowery theatre was the only one who gave them prompt assistance in their deserted position, and without knowing whether the result would justify his generosity, no sum of money could induce them to break their engagement.

To which we say, good girls, depend upon it you will lose nothing by acting rightly and honorably. It will be remembered that the young ladies were persuaded to come to America by a certain *soi-disant* professor, who promised them large gains from the enormous profits he had calculated to realize from the credulous Yankees, but finding that they "knew a thing or two here," thought proper to "levant," leaving the two girls as hostages in the hands of the proprietors of the St. Nicholas hotel, where the "professor" had fared sumptuously at remarkably small cost. It was in this extremity that Mr. Brougham opened his establishment to the disappointed and harshly used sisters, and they have not forgotten the timely benefit.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Asia, with Liverpool dates of Sept. 18th, we have three days later than were brought by the steamer Arabia, at Boston.

The political news is almost wholly devoid of interest. The Royal British Bank of London had failed. The American ships Ocean Home and Cherubim came in collision off Lizard on the 6th of September. The Ocean House sank in twenty minutes after the occurrence. Seventy-seven lives were lost by the disaster.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—Liverpool, Sept. 6. Our cotton market closed firm last evening, at an advance of 1-16 @ 1/4d. above the rates current last week at the sailing of the Cambria. The transactions by the trade and on speculation have been much larger than for several weeks previous. The sales on Friday were 6,000 bales, of which 2,000 were taken by speculators and exporters, the market closing firm at the following quotations: New-Orleans fair, 7 1/4d.; middling, 6 3/4d.; Uplands fair, 6 1/4d.; middling, 6 1/4d. The stock is estimated at 722,000 bales, of which 590,000 bales are American.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFF MARKET.—Sept. 5. Under the influence of continued fine weather, the prices of all kinds of breadstuffs have considerably declined, as compared with the rates current at the sailing of the Cambria on the 30th of August. There is considerable variation in the quotations of leading American houses, but most agree in calling the decline on the lower grades of wheat at about 6d. @ 70 lb., and on the finer qualities about 3d. below last week's rates. On Flour the decline is variously stated at from one to two shillings @ bbl., with a fair business doing. The demand for Indian corn has subsided, and there have been but slight sales to speculators, at a decline on the week of about one shilling per quarter of 480 lb.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Our Provision market presents no feature worthy of remark. There is little more than a retail demand, and prices have not varied during the week. Bacon is quite firm at last week's prices, but beef and pork are barely maintained.

LONDON MARKETS.—Messrs. Baring, Bros. & Co. report breadstuffs considerably lower. White wheat, 68s. @ 72s.; Red, 65s. @ 68s. American flour, 30s. @ 34s. @ bbl.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—Owing to large exports to the Continent, the money market has become more stringent. Consols closed on Friday, the 5th, at 94 1/4 @ 96 for money. American stocks are unchanged in value and demand. The balance in the bank of England has decreased during the week to the extent of about £48,000.

The Arabia, as if to make up for the discomfort occasioned by her recent accident, has made an unusually rapid return voyage, having left Liverpool on Thursday, September 14, at 11 30 A. M., and arrived at Halifax at 4 A. M. on the 18th, thus making the run in little more than eight and a half days. There is but little importance in the news which she brings. The London Star intimates that serious differences have arisen between England and France touching Spanish affairs, and that a rupture between the two governments is within the bounds of possibility. Similar speculations have been some time freely canvassed by newspaper correspondents and others ever since the conclusion of peace, and the destruction of the alliance has frequently been predicted. We have no more facts than we had at any other time to support these vague suppositions, but the event may be regarded as one not at all improbable. The London Star further alludes to the fact that England, looking forward to the possibility of a rupture with France, seeks to draw closer the bonds of friendship with the United States. This may be the case, and the policy of the Palmerston government concerning our recent differences tends to strengthen such a supposition. There are many and weighty reasons why the United States and England—the two leading commercial nations of the world—should be closely allied, and if they are not so the fault cannot certainly be laid at our door.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

A few days later intelligence from Nicaragua reaches us by way of Panama. Rivas was fortifying at Leon, and it is stated that he expects large aid from Guatemala and Salvador for the anticipated struggle with Walker. The blockade of Central American ports was still kept up by the latter.

We also have later advices from the various States in the South Pacific, but no news worthy of special comment.

RIO JANEIRO.

Capt. Rakeman, of the brig Cynthia, arrived September 15 from Rio Janeiro, reports there was a great rumor there about war between England and the United States, in consequence of which no cargo would be sent off to American vessels until the arrival of the English steamer, which was daily expected.

DOMESTIC.

CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the steamship George Law we have two weeks later intelligence from the Pacific coast. The news from California is important, as it places us in possession of the pleasing intelligence that the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco had disbanded, and law and order again reigned supreme in that city. The Committee, after releasing Judge Terry unconditionally, and with only the recommendation that he resign his office as Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, consummated their labors and formally disbanded on the 18th of August, celebrating the event by a grand parade, in which between six and seven thousand persons took part. It was thought that Judge Terry would not resign. A few days after the discharge of

Terry, the remaining prisoners were released, and the Committee dismantled their fortifications. There was nothing particularly important in the way of politics going on. The Fremont party were making rapid strides in all parts of the State, forming clubs and making all necessary preparations for the campaign, and had already announced their convictions that the State was sure for the Pathfinder. Business generally was on the increase, and a great amount of building and other improvements were going on in San Francisco. The mines were said to be yielding better than ever before, and accounts from all parts of the State represented a larger amount of grain, fruits and vegetables than any preceding year. The George Law brought upwards of one million six hundred thousand dollars in treasure.

OREGON.

Our dates from Oregon are to the 9th of August. The papers report another severe battle between the volunteers and the Indians, in which the latter were completely routed.

KANSAS.

Advices from Kansas to September 10, received at St. Louis, say that the State prisoners were released on bail. Governor Geary has issued a proclamation commanding all armed parties to disperse. Emery's band was taken before General Smith for arresting an officer of the army. Whipple's company had captured a party of thieves on the 9th, and taken eighty horses. A fort capable of holding a thousand men had just been finished by the Free State men at Lawrence. There was a jubilee at Lawrence on the 10th. Speeches were made by the State prisoners, and there was a general rejoicing. Mrs. Robinson has left for Boston.

There are several new accounts of the destruction of Osawatimie, one of them in a letter from the redoubtable Captain Brown, the leader of the Osawatimie men, and the idea of having killed whom occasioned among the border ruffians so much exultation. Captain Brown admits a loss of only three Free State men killed; the number wounded he does not mention. Seven, however, of the Free State men were taken prisoners, of whom two were afterwards shot in cold blood. One of the accounts of the fight and other incidents connected with it is derived from one of the surviving prisoners, who, having been sent away under pain of death if he should return, had arrived at Rochester, N. Y. It appears from his account that one of the prisoners who was murdered—a Hungarian, known as Dutch Charlie—was shot two days after his capture, and in Atchison's camp. It is further stated that a part of Atchison's men were so disgusted with this cold-blooded murder as immediately to leave the camp.

NAVY.

THE United States brig Bainbridge, Lieutenant commanding C. F. M. Spotswood, forty-one days from Rio Janeiro, arrived at the Norfolk quarantine ground Sept. 11, all well on board. The Bainbridge has been on the Brazil station for the last eighteen months. The following is a list of her officers: Lieut. C. F. Spotswood, commander; Lieutenants C. E. Fleming, Jos. S. Day, Wm. Gwin, R. T. Chapman. Purser: Thos. H. Looker. Surgeon: John Rudenstein. The Bainbridge brings despatches for government from the United States Minister at Brazil.

Capt. Duncan N. Ingraham, U. S. N., Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, visited the Charlestown Navy Yard last week, and was honored with the customary salute of thirteen guns.

Rev. T. R. Lambert, of Charlestown, has resigned his commission in the service as chaplain, and the resignation has been accepted by the Secretary of the Navy. The Bainbridge is in more difficulty. Her late Captain, J. H. Rowan, comes home in her a passenger. She is sent home in charge of a lieutenant, before her cruise is out, in consequence of the alleged inefficiency of her commanding officer.

Frigate Independence, Commander Mervine, arrived off Panama August 31st, from Callao. Officers and crew all well. Sloop-of-war St. Mary's off Panama, and Saratoga off Aspinwall, on the 3d September.

The sloop-of-war Plymouth, the practice ship for the Naval School at Annapolis, has arrived at Portsmouth from a cruise.

The steam frigate Wabash, Captain Eagle, which has taken the place of the Potomac, as the flag-ship of the home squadron, Commodore Paulding, is now at anchor off the Navy Yard.

Capt. Hartstein is at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to superintend the repairs to the Resolute, now being fitted up for presentation to the British government. Between two and three hundred mechanics and laborers have been mustered into employment in the yard during the past few days.

OBITUARY.

A SECOND HOWARD.—Advices from Rome announce the death of Prince Charles Doria, who was accustomed every year to distribute a sum of 40,000, in alms. He was a *saccone*, and not content with what he gave himself, used to go barefooted about the streets, dressed in coarse sackcloth, with a thick cord round his waist, imploring charity from passers-by for the poor.

DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—Seth Cheney, an artist, celebrated particularly for his drawings in crayon, died last week at Manchester, Connecticut, where he had retired—and lived with his brother, an eminent engineer—with the intention of devoting himself to painting adding color, for which he is said to be possessed of a fine eye and delicate feeling to outline and shadow, by the management and disposition of which he gained his reputation. He became a prey, however, to consumption—or rather, as his physician describes it, an exhaustion of the nervous organization. He was aged about 55.

DEATH OF A SUPERIOR MECHANIC.—In Mr. Paul Sillman, who died at the age of 45, last week, New York has lost a valuable citizen. Mr. Sillman was born in Rhode Island, but came to this city while very young. As a mechanic he was very ingenious, having contributed many valuable improvements to steam machinery. For many years he was at the head of one of the departments of the Novelty Works, and he was a valued member of the Mechanics' Institute. His death resulted from an extraordinary cause. An injury to his foot, occasioned by a tight boot, worn but two hours, terminated in mortification. Amputation was followed by a general, and at last fatal prostration.

CITY MORTALITY.—The report of the City Inspector for the week exhibits a further decrease in the mortality of the metropolis—the total number of deaths during the week being 476—29 less than the previous week, in which there was a decline of 27.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The third week of a brief season of four weeks has past, and we have to record a continuation of the same remarkable success which crowned the first six representations. "Il Trovatore" has become a perfect rage; its reputation has travelled throughout the country, and every stranger feels bound to see and hear it. It has been played four or five nights out of eight, and has attracted audiences numbering thousands, which were the most brilliant gatherings we have ever seen inside the walls of the Opera House. The last performance of "Trovatore" must have netted the manager considerably over two thousand dollars. Each night has given a handsome profit, and the unflagging success of the experiment proves that if the "right man" is in the right place, New York can, and will support an Italian Opera House liberally.

Max Maretzek has closed the house for a few nights, in order that the artists may devote themselves exclusively to the production of Meyerbeer's Opera, "L'Etoile du Nord," under his direction. He is working with the principals, orchestra and chorus, day and night, and he is determined to bring out this fine work in a manner worthy of its merits, and in a way that shall enhance his reputation both as a conductor and as a manager. The friends of Max Maretzek have made it a special boast that he has produced difficult operas in a shorter space of time than any other director ever accomplished. This may be, and probably is true, but he knows as well as we know, that in so doing, although the exigency of the case may have demanded it, the composer suffered severely through the indifferent performance of his works, and he suffered much in reputation from the same cause. Many blamed him for consenting to the indecent haste, but circumstances frequently placed a refusal out of his power, and, be it remembered, we are a fast people, and our musical craving has been for novelty. So, while we cannot glorify Maretzek for producing operas in an impossible space of time, and while we cannot blame him for submitting to circumstances, we do sincerely rejoice that he has determined, now that he is in a position to command circumstances, to bestow patient labor and earnest care upon an opera that is world-wide in its fame and popularity. We know that in so doing he is only acting in accordance with his inclinations and musical instincts, and we sincerely congratulate him upon having the power to fulfil the conscientious duties of an artist. Under these favorable circumstances, we may expect to hear this new work (at least new to this country) performed as near perfection in all its details as the material at the command of the manager will admit of. We know that La Grange will be glorious in her rôle, and we acknowledge that we indulge in the liveliest anticipations of delight from the performance of "L'Etoile du Nord" at the Academy of Music.

We observe that the Opera House is still advertised "to let" by order of the Committee. It is well known that the present lessee, M. Maretzek, has made a fair and liberal offer for a lease of two years from the 1st of October, 1856. There is a condition, however, attached to his offer, we understand, that while it guarantees the perpetual admission of the stockholders, deprives them of their free seats, compelling them to secure them on the same terms as the public. To every one this will seem a reasonable request, the granting of which would prove but a slight tax to the wealthy gentlemen who own the stock, while it will be a saving boon to the manager. It is surely the paramount interest of the stockholders to see the establishment succeed and become popular—for its success will ensure a percentage on their investment, that would fully indemnify them for the withdrawal of the trifling privilege asked. It is reported that this point is the stumbling-block in the way of

closing with M. Maretzek's offer. We trust that this is not the case, or if it is, we hope that they will become awakened to a true sense of the littleness of their objections and act in a liberal spirit which will be found in accordance with the best interests of the property in which they have so large a stake. M. Maretzek is now in full tide of success; his company is admirably organized; he is the popular man of the people and everything points him out as the fittest man to control the destinies of the Italian Opera in New York.

GERMAN OPERA AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The first performance of the German Opera Company, under the musical direction of Carl Bergmann and the business management of M. Von Berkel, took place at Niblo's Garden on Tuesday evening, September 16th. The company was promised to be complete and excellent in all its departments, and the position and reputation of Carl Bergmann was supposed to guarantee that such would be the case. On the strength of this belief a liberal subscription was taken up among the influential German merchants, and everything promised a successful issue to the enterprise. The celebrated opera of "Robert le Diable," by Meyerbeer, was chosen for the first representation, and the natural inference of such a choice was, that the artists must indeed be good who would risk their first impression in a work so trying for singers and so difficult in general. Niblo's Garden was literally crowded to overflowing; long before eight o'clock, the hour for commencing, a placard was posted up—"Tickets all sold," and he was lucky who came afterwards if he obtained a sight of the stage. Up to this point everything was brilliantly successful; but from the moment of raising the curtain, nearly all was disappointment and measurable failure. The new tenor, M. Pickeneiser, of whose powers much expectation was raised, appeared the first of all the debutants. In form he is largely and powerfully built, with a development of chest that Benevenuto would have envied, and from which a trumpet voice, like that which shook the walls of Jericho, might be expected to issue forth. But worse than vanity are human expectations, for from this Bettini-like frame came forth a voice of the most diminutive proportions—a *boudoir* voice, in fact, produced in the smallest possible way. He is evidently a novice to the stage and very poorly educated; and although he may be acceptable in music of a lighter character, is utterly incapable of sustaining such characters as the one he attempted on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. We are willing to grant that he might be equal to sustain some of the lighter German operas, but even of these a careful selection, suited to his *calibre*, must be made. Madlle. Ficker, who undertook the character of Alice, is very pleasing in personal appearance, and strives very hard to accomplish that which her powers forbid her ever achieving. Her voice is irremediably harsh, and in her endeavors to produce the just effects, it sharpens so fearfully that frequently she was singing nearly a semitone above the orchestra. This defect might be the result of the nervousness consequent upon a first appearance, but we fear in her case it is a natural defect and cannot be overcome, for we observed it in a somewhat less degree during her first public performance at a concert some few months since. When not forced it is a pleasing organ enough, but the least exertion renders its intonation faulty beyond endurance. In a word, the lady's powers were over-tasked, the music entrusted to her being far beyond both her physique and her education. We hope to be able, when we hear her in lighter operas, to praise her more than we now condemn. The Bertram of the night, M. Weinlich, has a voice of large compass and of fair quality; he sings carefully, but he has a somewhat drawing and conventional method, and is sadly deficient in refinement. He may be termed a fair singer, but has no claims to the first or even second rank.

Upon Madame Von Berkel rested the only hope of success. If she did not awaken some enthusiasm the affair was dead beyond the possibility of resuscitation. We believe that she felt this, for she exerted all her power and skill to rouse the audience, and she was rewarded during and at the close of her first song with very hearty applause. She has a good voice of sufficient power and compass for all her needs, and she uses it with a dash that dazzles the great mass and makes it cry out; but we regret to say that the brilliancy is of the most "Brummagem quality," and will not bear the test of either taste or school. Her execution is faulty and ragged, her closes are unartistic, and finish she has none. She sometimes shouts unpleasantly, the ill effect being greatly heightened by a redundancy of action which borders upon the absurd. This lady is certainly clever to do as much as she did with a character utterly beyond her reach, but she, like the rest of the company, was overtasked, and whatever of excellence she may possess was swamped in her exaggerated effort to achieve impossibilities. As a whole it was nearly the worst operatic performance we ever witnessed in New York. Among the principal singers there was not a redeeming feature, if we except the "Rainbow" of Mr. Beutler, whose singing, though ordinarily good at other times, seemed on this occasion of uncommon excellence by contrast with the others. How Mr. Carl Bergmann could give them the sanction of his name, we are at a loss to conceive—the more especially as he was known to have said frequently, that he would not undertake to direct any company that was not first-rate. If he did not know that no single one of those singers was capable to sing the music of "Robert," he is certainly very unfit to have the direction of an opera company, and cannot know what singing is. Or, if he had irretrievably cast his lot with theirs, he should have chosen an opera in which they would have appeared to some advantage and insisted upon its performance, or have resigned at once. It matters not that the orchestra was good; that single branch does not make an opera, any more than one swallow makes a summer. He was responsible to his reputation for the whole performance, and what excuse he can make we are at a loss to imagine. It is needless for us to say how pained we are to speak thus of an undertaking that promised so well, or how sincerely we trust that the reputation of all may be redeemed by future performances; but we feel it our duty to speak the truth, and however severe our remarks may seem, we have certainly kept within its limits.

MEYERBEER'S "L'ETOILE DU NORD."—We understand that this fine opera will be produced positively on Wednesday evening next, September 24th. As nearly as we can learn, the following will be the cast: Madame La Grange, Madame Bertucca Maretzek, Madame Seidenberg and Miss Pyne; Signor Brignoli, Signor Amadio and Signor Colletti.

MADAME DE WILHELM'S CONCERT.—We are unable this week to notice the concert of this lady, given on Thursday, at Niblo's Garden. The announcement of her appearance caused great excitement in the fashionable world, and there was a great rush for tickets the moment the sale commenced. She is spoken of as very talented and is said to possess a beautiful voice, which she manages with much skill, and is altogether charming in person and agreeable in manners. We shall speak of her and her concert in our next. She is not the first lady of this city who has stepped from the private drawing-room to the public stage. With her reasons for so doing we have nothing to do, but we shall be truly pleased to recognize her as a valuable addition to the brilliant array of artists now in the city.

THE DRAMA.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—The opening of this establishment for the Winter campaign on Wednesday evening, September 17th, was remarkable for two events—the one the public ovation of the old members of the company; the other the production of a new comedy by Mr. J. W. Lester. The house was well filled, and as one member of the company after the other appeared, peal upon peal burst from the audience, while showers of bouquets fell at the feet of the favorites. It was a gratifying sight to all, and to the actors it must have been a pleasant assurance of the security of their hold upon public affection.

"First Impressions" is the title of Mr. Lester's production. It is called a comedy, but the material of which it is composed does not justify the title. It consisted mainly of cleverly involved situations, the probability of which is open to question; lively dialogue, smart repartee, and witty sayings. Comedy should teach some great moral lesson; should work on some broad design, to which humor should be subordinate in due proportion of spice and sauce. In "First Impressions" the spice predominates in proportion of a basin of spice to a spoonful of sauce. In all probability, Mr. Lester studied more the amusement of the people than the model of his comedy. If so his success was complete, for a better pleased audience we never saw. Nearly every point was taken, and laughter and applause greeted the piece throughout. It was a success, and at the close the author, Mr. Lester, was called out and made an appropriate acknowledgment of the compliment.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—A very charming three-act play was brought out at this house on Wednesday last, called "Charity's Love." It is a tale of woman's tender and enduring love, absorbing in interest, beautiful in its moral, and truly human in its sentiment and affections. The plot is too intertwined to detail here, but it is worked out with great ability, and the language is full of poetic beauty. The play was brilliantly acted by Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, Mark Smith, and Fisher, and was entirely successful.

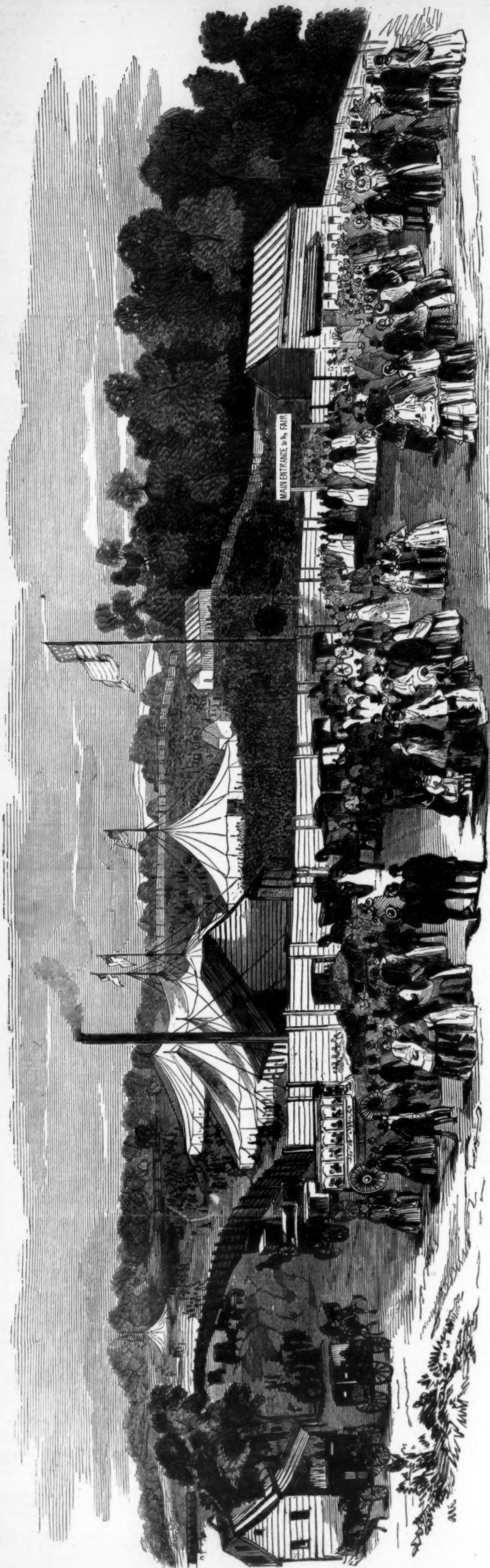
NIBLO'S GARDEN.—On Wednesday evening last, September 17, a new and splendid grand fairy spectacle, called "Blanche, or the Rival Fairies," was produced with all the pomp and magnificence for which this establishment is so justly celebrated. This spectacle is of unusual splendor, embracing thirteen tableaux, arranged with surpassing skill, aided by new and beautiful scenery, calling forth the best strength of every department of the establishment, and

NEW JERSEY AGRICULTURAL STATE FAIR.

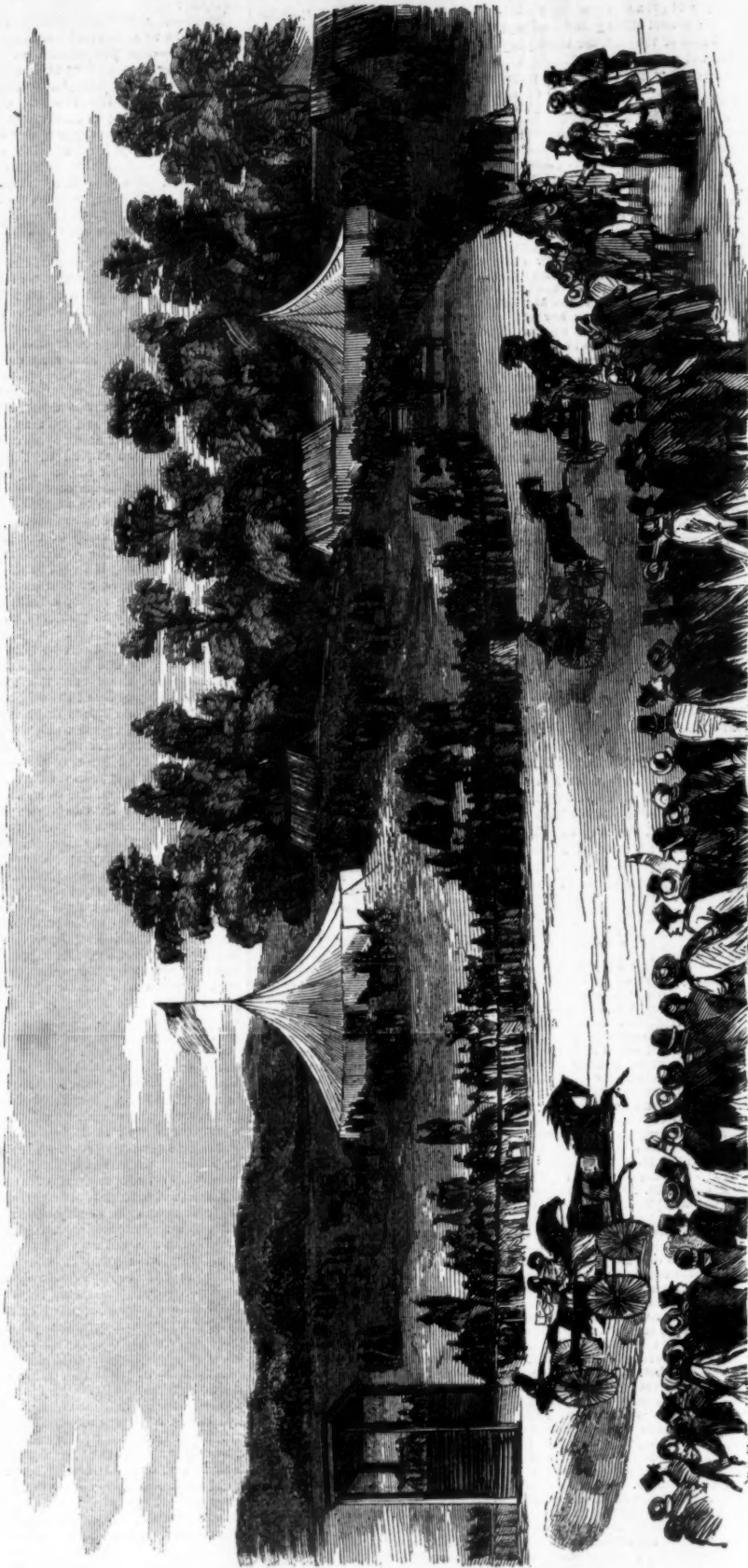
THE fair of the State Agricultural Society of New Jersey commenced on Tuesday, Sept. 9, and continued four days, closing Friday evening, September 12. The location of the Fair ground was on the hill above the old quarry, north-east of the city of Newark, including that fine grove on the east side of the hill. The distance is about a mile from the centre of the town. The roads were excessively crowded from the Fair ground to Washington square, and there the crowd was still larger. The ladies seemed to take an active interest and were out in brilliant array, and we can say with truth that the fair of Newark were the fairest objects to be seen in the Fair at Newark. The display of

an active part, and they were beautiful to behold in their gay and lively costumes. We give two engravings, representing the Fair and the trial to which we allude.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The weather, for the past week, has been warm, and has rapidly brought forward the ripening corn, so that the most of it is out of the way of the frost. Some of it is being topped, and the most advanced fields are cut up at the root. The crop is a noble one. Potatoes promise an average yield, and do not appear to have been injured by the wide alterations of extreme drouth and drenching rains. We see that in Maine there is a wide complaint from early dying of the tops, and a prospect of severe losses to the farmers from mildew. The only remedy is to dig and properly secure the crops. The tobacco crop of the Connecticut valley is unusually fine. The worm has given considerable trouble, but care has saved the plants. One grower has already been offered fifteen cents a pound for his crop. Ten cents pays well, so that, with the heavy crop, tobacco will without doubt be the most profitable product of the region this year. In Kentucky, the tobacco crop is a failure, so that it is possible that a further advance will be realized. The Missouri papers anticipate a great failure in the hemp crop, which is a great pity, in a locality where the article is so greatly needed. A letter to the *New York Tribune*, from She-



THE GREAT STATE FAIR, NEWARK, N. J.



TRIAL OF HORSES, AT THE STATE FAIR, NEWARK, N. J.

animals and vegetables, though pretty good, was not such as gave general satisfaction. There were some satisfactory sheep and peculiar pigs, but neither the bleat of the one nor the grunt of the other was very musical. A good many implements were exhibited, but they seemed rather fitted for manufacturing than agricultural purposes. The show of Newark carriages and harnesses was very extensive. The officers of the Society are very much to be commended, and it is to be regretted that the farmers throughout New Jersey did not take a deeper interest in the Exhibition. The concourse of visitors was large and respectable.

TRIAL OF HORSES.

During the Fair there was a very spirited trial of steeds, which was a source of much entertainment. The ladies took

boygan, Wis., says that Indian corn and potatoes will be almost a failure in that region. The Savannah, Ga., *Republican* tells a very good story for the rice crop in that region. Apples and potatoes in New Hampshire will come in greatly under the average yield, and it will require much sun to ripen out the corn.

THE MILLIONAIRE BUTCHER OF LONDON.—A carriage which drove by was too fine to be elegant, and was drawn by two magnificent horses. On the box, adorned with beautiful fringe, sat a black-coated coachman; there was not a wrinkle in his white cravat—his snowy gloves were spotless. In the vehicle, in downy cushions, carelessly lounged a man without a coat, his arms bare, his sleeves turned up to the shoulder, an apron with the corners turned up served him as a girdle—so that the coachman looked like a gentleman driving a mechanic in his working dress. Mr. W. asked his neighbor who and what was the strange-looking occupant of the dashing carriage. "The richest butcher in London," was the reply. "He is returning in his own carriage from the slaughter-house to his residence. His forefathers were in the same business; his father left him a fortune of two millions, and he, out of modesty, follows his profession—very honorable custom. This gentleman butcher possesses four millions."

The bill loaning \$6,000 per mile to the Railroad Company, passed by the Legislature of Texas, has become a law without the signature of the Governor.

The best way to restore the color of German silver when it becomes tarnished, is to rub each article of it, when wet, with a pinch of fine salt.

INDEPENDENCE ROCK, NEBRASKA TERRITORY, ON WHICH COLONEL FERNONT CARVED THE CROSS.



INDEPENDENCE ROCK.—COL. FREMONT'S CROSS.

THIS remarkable rock—remarkable not only of itself, but also because of the prominence it has attained in the present political campaign—we have thought worthy of a full-page illustration in our paper. We are indebted for the sketch from which our engraving is made to the courtesy and kindness of Mr. John Taylor, "one of the twelve" apostles of the church of the "Latter Day Saints," and the able and gentlemanly editor of the "Mormon" newspaper published in this city. We desire in this connection to tender our sincere thanks to the conductors of that journal for our admirable drawing of the city of the Great Salt Lake, and for numerous other sketches of scenery in that far-off region, which have already appeared in our paper, and which will continue, from time to time, to enrich our columns. We should have earlier acknowledged the obligation, and take great pleasure in stating that they afford us every information requisite to a truthful description of the illustrations. A geographical error obtains very generally in regard to the locality of Independence Rock. Even our friend, Charles W. Upham, Esq., the author of a most attractive biography of the republican candidate for the Presidency, commits the grave mistake of placing it among the Rocky Mountains, when, in fact, it is three or four days' travel from the famous South Pass, and two days' journey, as emigrants are in the habit of travelling, from where the range of mountains begins to rise. It is an isolated rock—a huge granite boulder—lying to the eastward of the mountains, on a vast plain that is traversed by the Sweet Water river, a clear and beautiful stream. Close to its margin lies the road, following and crossing the devious windings of the river, and at this point running immediately by the rock. The road is what is known as the old military route to Oregon, and is travelled by all emigrants wending their way to Oregon, California, and the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It was called Independence Rock because it was reached—as it generally is in the ordinary course of travel—on the 4th of July, and the day was there celebrated by the patriotic travellers. Nearly every passer-by clambers upon its summit, which is reached without difficulty, and thousands upon thousands of names, initials, and devices are cut upon its granite surface, many of them in positions it would seem almost impossible to attain. Centuries hence, perhaps, many of its quaint hieroglyphs will puzzle the antiquary more than the inscriptions on the Egyptian Pyramids. The terrible cross about which so much ado is made by unscrupulous politicians was plainly cut, and then seamed over with a coating of India-rubber to preserve it from the action of the weather. We have seen it—as has almost every other man who has been there—and never dreamed of attaching to it any peculiar religious significance other than that it was a most appropriate mark to show that the spot had been pressed by a Christian foot, and that civilized man, and not a roving Indian, had placed it there. We have followed closely in the footsteps of Col. Fremont across the trackless wilderness and over the toilsome mountains, and had our own life imperilled by grim starvation and the hostile Indian, and we have in this matter a deep feeling that rises above the abstractions and absurdities of politicians. If men will divest themselves of all partisan bias, they must see the supreme folly of attributing to Col. Fremont a crime for having engraved upon this tablet of the Almighty the universal symbol of the Christian Faith. The Cross (which was the gallows of the Jews) is the sacred emblem of the religion of the Christian world. It belongs to no sect, or creed, or nation; and as well might that "devout astronomer" who traced its outline among the eternal stars be denounced for conferring the name upon that beautiful constellation, as the great explorer of the wilderness who piously carved it upon God's own monument of everlasting granite. The man who repudiates the "superstition of the cross" can have little love for Him who bore it—the beautiful moon of the divine sun which alone illuminates our human night. To be ashamed of the symbol is to be ashamed of the love and the suffering it symbolizes. Surely the true "friends of the cross" without regard to creeds, will honor the heroic pilgrim of the wilderness who gratefully and devoutly recorded his triumph in that simple sign, dear to every Christian heart—the holy hieroglyphic which tells the story of a world's redemption, which no Christian eye can ever see without veneration, and which no Christian soul can ever contemplate without the most profound emotions. Col. Fremont has no reason to be ashamed of his chronicle of the Cross. As a sacred memento of the convict of Calvary; as the bloodstained symbol of a redeeming principle which the world has not yet comprehended; as a holy comforter and keep-sake for every suffering sinner, the Cross is an emblem dear to the heart of Christendom, which we all, Protestant and Catholic alike, revere. Why denounce the explorer of the wilderness for carving its lines on Independence Rock, while we venerate the piety of the astronomer who traced its sacred lineaments among the everlasting stars of heaven? And yet his political opponents deride him for this simple act of faith. If this is not bigotry, we know not what it is. It is worse: it is unblushing infidelity. The Cross, the world over, is but the symbol of Christianity, as the Crescent is the symbol of Moslemism. It is the sacred and mournful memento of Him who bore it upon his shoulders up the Hill of Death, where he suffered and died—a martyr to principle—a victim to intolerance—a willing sacrifice for the sins of us all. Colonel Fremont, in common with the whole Christian world, reveres the sad sign of the crucifixion, and has carved the holy symbol upon a granite summit of Christian America. For this pious and customary act he is denounced as a man guilty of an offence that disqualifies him for the Presidency of a Christian nation! Political opponents, blinded by prejudice, attempt to deduce from this simple act that he must be a Roman Catholic—a devout follower of Pio Nono. If the matter were not too serious for ridicule, we could only laugh at such absurdity. There is as much sense in such an argument as in saying that because Col. Fremont has roamed a great deal, therefore he must be a Rome-an Catholic! The sect which derives its authority and takes its direction from the hoary splendors of St. Peter's has no claim to a monopoly of the Cross. We do not wish to be understood as taking any part in the present exciting controversy of the day—our paper being strictly neutral in politics—but we cannot forbear saying that Col. Fremont's friends have their opponents upon the hip when they declare that they would much rather see his name and faith thus inscribed than find it written at the bottom of Fugitive Slave bills or Ostend manifests.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written descriptions, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

Our paper of last week was a more than usually attractive number. A very large edition was printed, though not more than was wanted, to meet the increasing demand. If any of our readers, therefore, were so unlucky as not to see our last paper, we advise them to procure it without delay.

The fact is, the more our Illustrated Newspaper becomes known, the larger becomes the host by whom it is read and admired. We expect, by-and-by, to eclipse the London Illustrated News. From all parts of the country we are now in daily receipt of the most flattering notices by the press. We take this occasion to ask the various editors who have spoken kindly of us to accept our hearty thanks for their free and generous courtesy. At the same time, we beg leave to assure them that of our success and the lasting establishment of this paper there now remains not the shadow of a doubt. Unless we meet with some entirely unex-

pected contingencies, which cannot be anticipated and now seem to be impossible, this paper will in a few weeks be placed on a sure and durable basis.

We are preparing a splendid specimen number, which we shall sow broadcast all over the land—it will be sent everywhere, and given away with the utmost freedom. All we ask in return for the great expenditure which this sheet will entail is some words of friendly notice, whether printed or spoken. As its result we look indeed for a large increase of subscribers; but every one who sends us his or her name will be sure to be richly compensated. The new and beautiful romance, entirely original, which is now in the hands of our artists for illustration and which will shortly be commenced, will of itself be worth a year's subscription.

Moreover, we are preparing to surpass all our former efforts in the style, character and number of our illustrations. The purchaser of Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper will often obtain for a single dime a carefully engraved copy of a picture which cannot be elsewhere procured for more dollars than he pays cents. Some of these engravings will be so large and so well executed as to be well worth cutting out and framing. All of them will be found entitled to careful preservation. Those who regularly file the paper will find themselves, at the end of each six months, possessed of an elegant portfolio of pictures.

With regard to the literary character of this paper, we desire to say, with emphasis, that it shall be as good as if it solely depended on that, and not on its engravings. Many persons entertain the idea that the proprietor wholly relies on artistic embellishments, and not on intellectual efforts. This is both erroneous and absurd. It is his ambition that his journal shall circulate among the best educated and most intelligent. To this end he has already secured editors and correspondents whose names and writings are held in the highest esteem by the American public, and whose reputations have extended over the whole country.

From time to time we shall announce to our readers what we are preparing to do, so as to keep alive an unflagging interest. As an earnest of what our deeds in future shall be, we point with, as we deferentially think, a justifiable pride to what we have done. We assert, without fear of being gainsaid, that we have presented to the community by far the best Illustrated Newspaper that has been published in the United States; and there is no reason, if we are liberally sustained, why we cannot equal the best that are published in Europe.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

THIS eminent American banker, for many years resident in London, arrived in New York by the steamship Atlantic on Monday last. He was met on his arrival here by a committee of merchants, and escorted to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where a suite of rooms had been engaged. During the afternoon and evening the distinguished stranger was visited by a large number of his friends, and was waited on by a committee of merchants from Boston, who tendered him an invitation to that city. On Tuesday he was visited by a deputation of Southern merchants. Mr. Peabody remained here in quiet until Thursday, when he departed on a visit to Newport as the guest of Mr. Wetmore. On his return to the city a complimentary reception (probably a dinner) will be given him by the merchants of New York. And well has such a compliment been deserved. No American abroad has ever played a more honorable part, or elicited a more cordial, universal esteem and respect than Mr. Peabody. He has been nobly hospitable, lavishly generous. By his tasteful and splendid parties, he has not only illustrated his own honor but that of his country; he has fostered the spirit of national kindness and augmented the mutual regard of Englishmen and Americans. We are rejoiced to see that the merchants of our great cities will be emulous to repay him in kind for his most liberal and constant civilities.

POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.—In another part of our paper will be found an article under this title, which practically solves the problem contained in our issue of June 21st, accompanied by diagrams, and entitled a *Mathematical Paradox*. This article will be found not only to explain the mystery of that popular toy; but it turns the mystery to good account, by applying its principle to some of the problems of the solar system; and, among others, the long-disputed point whether the moon revolves on its axis.

LITERARY.

LEONARD SCOTT & Co. continue their republications of the foreign reviews and *Blackwood's Magazine*. We sincerely believe that no man can constantly read these periodicals without becoming well informed on the most important topics of the day, for they are mostly found discussed in their pages with ability, learning, and thoroughness, and generally with impartiality. The republications comprise, beside *Blackwood*, the *Westminster*, the *London Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *North British Review*, each excellent in its kind, and written for by the best critics.

The prices of subscription to these republications are very moderate, taken separately or together.

FREDERICK PERTHES.—Early on the morning of the 22d of May, 1843, was buried in the churchyard of Gotha, in Germany, a bookseller by the name of Frederick Perthes. He was such a bookseller as one does not often see. He was the intimate friend of Klopstock, of Niebuhr, of Humboldt, of Jacobi, and Heeren. Among his confidential acquaintances were Goethe and Schelling. His life seemed full of every virtue, and grace, and hope. His was a rare nature, which the literati of his own country knew well how to appreciate. His biography is one of the most charming books ever published in any language. It has just been translated from the German, and published by Constable & Co. in Edinburgh. Dix, Edwards & Co., of New York, are the American publishers of this admirable work. It should be in the library of every literary man, as the perusal of it will afford so much pleasure and information that no scholar or man of taste should be without it.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, says an exchange paper, characterizes the assault on Mr. Sumner by Mr. Brooks, as "so unprovoked and atrocious, that we believe the veriest coal-heaver in this country would have scorned to have perpetrated it."

If *Blackwood's Magazine* uses the pluperfect tense after this fashion, all that we have to say is—*Blackwood* uses bad grammar.

It is surprising how often this pluperfect blunder is made by people who pretend to write good English. In a note to an article in the *North British Review* for the last quarter, On Literary Criticism, page 137, the writer says, "We had proposed to have said something," &c.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. By J. L. MOTLEY. This work, published in three large and elegant octaves, by Harper & Brothers, is confessedly the most important and valuable contribution to historical literature, that has been made during the present century. As it is the result of the industry and genius of an American author, and as Americans all look with distrust on the writings of their countrymen, in consequence of the absurd deference which they pay to foreigners, this may seem an extravagant assertion. But it is fully verified by opinions, which, more than any other we are apt to respect—the opinions of English critics of the first authority. We might present extracts, confirmatory of this, from the *London Quarterly Review*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *British Critic*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and various other periodicals of a like stamp, did our space allow. But we must confine ourselves to one, and choose the *Westminster*. That Review makes this book the subject of its

leading paper. After highly complimenting Mr. Prescott for his admirable life of Philip the Second, (two volumes of which only have been issued,) and speaking of it as, like all his writings, "eloquent, rational, cultivated, written in a kindly, genial spirit, dispassionate and tolerant," the Review speaks of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," as "a history, complete as *genre* and *laudatory* can make it." "It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labor." "It is a book which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any other language." "If we may not claim the writer as an Englishman, we have reason to be glad that in these dangerous times a book should have appeared, by an American writer, which will form a link among all who speak our common language, which will not fail to show that America and England are not united only in blood and interest, but that the soundest thinkers there as well as here agree at heart in far higher subjects." "All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearying. In power of dramatic description no modern writer, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. His principles are those of honest love for all which is good and admirable in human character wherever he finds it, while he unaffectedly hates oppression and despises selfishness with all his heart." "He tells his story with fact, not with commentary, and trusts for his effects to the quiet and simple truth." "The matter is compressed by the elaborate finish of the style."

This is high commendation, and, coming from such a source, must be received with entire confidence. It is enough to mark the work as one worthy to be purchased by every patriot, every scholar, every lover of history, and placed in all good libraries, whether public or private. If there are any librarians, any managers of public associations, who have omitted the duty of purchasing this work, we advise them to perform it without delay; for, besides its intrinsic excellence, it reflects great honor upon our country. We have had no communication with Harper & Brothers on the subject, but presume that they will, with accustomed liberality, supply the volumes at a reasonable discount to all literary institutions.

THE PUBLISHERS AND THE TRADE SALES.—The city is at present enlivened by the appearance in our streets of the publishers, jolly good fellows who may, under the present system of business, say to authors how many books we get out. The regular trade sale of Leavitt and Delisser has been largely attended, and the sales have been carried on with great satisfaction, both sellers and buyers being seemingly pleased with their mutual relations. Among the most liberal contributors to this house not only in solid and useful works, but also in their "light reading," maintains a higher position than ever, and has a more universal demand. There are no better men in the world in social life than booksellers. Although they serve up to the public intellectual food, they are great sticklers themselves for corned beef, boned turkey, and champagne, and they can turn from the dry details of business and enter into the consumption of "creature comforts" with an avidity quite gratifying to hospitable people, and exceedingly edifying to hotel-keepers, who are apt to be very much alarmed lest their boarders will get "more than their money." The appearance of authors and critics at these trade sales is a circumstance well calculated to call forth the powers of the pencil of Cruikshank and Leech. Authors rarely look pleased at the proceedings, and seldom take any particular interest in what is going on, except it be in the discussion of the "lunch" in the upper rooms.

LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

CHAPTER LXIV.—Continued.

ON quitting the booth the dancer directed his steps to the Great Nugget, where he found Dick and his companion conversing with the pale-faced girl, Sarah Ann. Fortunately, the shanty was free from guests, and Hackabut Snark was absent. It was evident from the agitation of our hero, that he had heard of what had passed.

"I know all," he said, wringing the hand of his friend; "all the danger and misery your devotion to me has caused. Let me—I scarcely dare name her—"

"Quite safe," replied Sam: "but poor Gog!"

"Is he much hurt?"

"Dying, I fear."

There was a pause of several minutes; neither of the young men could speak. Their thoughts reverted to the days of their boyhood, when they practised together in the fields, and the kind-hearted giant stood with his huge arms extended to catch them, if they fell. Neither was his courageous defence of them forgotten after Dick's escape from the lodging-house in Manchester.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the latter, breaking silence. "Sam, I abandon my design of pursuing the villain who has possessed himself of the proofs of my legitimacy. Title! fortune! as Heaven reads my heart, I'd sacrifice them freely to repair the evil our absence has occasioned."

Connor looked surprised.

"I care not who knows my story now," continued the speaker; "our only care must be to protect your sister from a repetition of the outrage which this girl informs me has been threatened by these ruffians."

"I heard Philip Miller and the man they call Ben Sneder arrange it with my own ears," observed the girl. "It seems there is some young woman in the booth whom they are determined to carry off with them to the diggings."

"Will they?" exclaimed Sam, his features flushing with indignation; "one life at least shall be sacrificed before they succeed."

"More lives than one," said our hero, grasping his hand. "Still I cannot understand," he added, addressing their informant, "how this outrage has been permitted. I fancied that since the arrival of the commissioner, something like order had been established."

"And so it has," replied Sarah Ann; "but Mr. Hardy is absent with the police at Bathurst, where the gold has been placed for security, till the arrival of the escort."

"And when does he return?"

"He is not expected till the morning."

"Tell me, my good girl," said Dick; "lawless and depraved as are the majority of the adventurers who frequent this place, are there not some on whom we may rely for assistance? or is manhood effaced from the hearts of all?"

"I have never found such," answered the girl, mournfully; "and Heaven knows I sought a protector from the brutality of which I have been a victim. They all stand too much in awe of the man they call Philip, and his band; they are the terror of the place."

"It is clear," observed his friend, with a determined look, "that we must rely upon ourselves."

"Let me join with you!" exclaimed Connor, earnestly. "I would willingly risk my life in such a cause; how much more willingly, then, to secure your confidence?"

The offer was frankly accepted, for all suspicion of his intentions had long since been dissipated in the minds of his companions; and in their present desperate position the aid of one resolute arm was too valuable to be lightly rejected. After purchasing ammunition at the shanty they took their leave of the girl, who promised faithfully, in the event of Miller and Ben Sneder making inquiries after them, to say that they had left the station to return to the diggings by way of the Lower Creek, a route they had many reasons for supposing the ruffians would carefully avoid; for it was there the young Scotchman had been murdered and robbed, at the place called Granite Point.

On quitting the Great Nugget the party went in search of the surgeon, Dr. Bawning; a little old-fashioned north countryman, who, with the prudence habitual to his race, had pitched his tent as close to the quarters of the Commissioner as possible.

In this canyon son of Æsculapius the expedition to the diggings had indeed proved a costly one; for judging from his charges he must have amassed a considerable sum. Previous to the discovery of the precious metals he had been half starved in Sydney. Never had drugs in the history of the profession brought such sums. Quinine sold for twenty times its weight in gold, and the simplest operation in surgery had to be paid for at a price that would have made Liston or Brodie stare.

They found the little man making his meal of a bowl of oatmeal porridge; for, with all his gains, he was far too economical to purchase meat at the rate it fetched at the station.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for ye? is it a cut or a pistol shot? or maybe ye are waiting some of my infallible *feeser* powders. I have got but a vary few of them left. *Feeser*," he added, "is the curse o' the kinty."

"Yet you seem to have escaped it," observed Dick.

"Yes, with the blessing o' heaven and temperance," answered Dr. Bawning, eyeing the speaker curiously. "Men stuff their craws full as a Dundee wife wad stuff a haggs, deluge their food with brandy, and then wonder why they can't digest it. But what's your pleasure?"

"You doubtless heard of the outrage which was committed last night."

"Last night!" repeated the doctor; "every night! There never was sic a place for cuttin' and shootin'. It's a stab here, and a bullet there. The diggers are little better than savages. It's my private opinion that Norfolk Island mun be a fule to it."

"One of the poor fellows got severely injured."

"Ye mun bring him here then," replied the old man, sharply; "I never leave my tent."

"Impossible," said Sam, impatiently.

"Is he so bad, then?"

"Lying, I fear."

"In the bush?"

"No, in the showman's van. In protecting a helpless girl from the insults of the ruffians who assailed her, he received a blow upon the back of his head."

"Ay, ay," muttered the doctor; "fractured, na doot. Weel," he added, in a milder tone, "I am glad that it's no ain o' the diggers. He might ha' died like a wolf in his lair before I would have ventured to the bush amongst 'em, but as it's only just a step—"

"You'll come, then?" interrupted our hero eagerly.

"Stop, stop, stop!" said the cautious Scot. "There's one thing just necessary to regulate."

"And that is—"
"My fee."
"Name it. We will not haggle with you," replied the former, in a tone of contempt. "We live and learn," he added. "I looked upon leech-craft as a sacred one; I find it's a trade."
"And a very indifferent one, too," retorted the Scot, "when doctors are fules enough to trust to the gratitude of their patients. Gratitude!" he repeated, with a chuckle—"it's the rags of humanity. I might have starved if I had relied on it."

"Your fee, sir; your fee?" said Dick, impatiently.
"Four ounces of gold. But, mind, that's only for the visit. If an operation should prove necessary, I must have a muckle mair."

Extravagant as the conditions were, they were at once acceded to; for the two friends would have parted with the last coin in their possession in the hope of preserving the life of the faithful Gog. As soon as the price was counted down, the old man exchanged his old plaid dressing-gown for a coat, and, taking up a case of instruments, declared himself ready to accompany them.

On reaching the van, it was singular to remark not only the skill, but the almost womanly tenderness with which Dr. Bawning examined the head of his huge patient—the care with which he shaved away the hair to examine more closely the injury.

"As I thought," he said; "a fracture."
"But you will save him?" exclaimed Pet, seizing his hand, which was covered with the hair and blood of her defender. "You are skillful, I am sure you are, for you speak kindly—Oh, save him! Heaven will reward you. I will pray for you."

"And I will pay you," added the showman, who knew the character of his visitor.

Under all his crusty humor and love of gold, there was a spark of kindness in the heart of the old doctor. Perhaps the imploring eyes of the poor girl, which were fixed upon his features, recalled some half-forgotten memory of his youth.

"Weel, lassie, weel," he said, "I'll just do my best, but it's an ugly knock. You and the auld lady had better leave the place awhile."

As Pet and Mrs. Webb were the only females in the van, there was no mistaking the party designated as the "auld lady," and the heart of the majestic Euphrasia swelled with indignation.

"MAN!" she exclaimed, in the deepest tone of her Lady-Macbeth-like voice, "thou canst not call me that!"

This was a quotation from *Milwood* in Lillo's tragedy of "George Barnwell," and intended to be withering and crushing, but it was perfectly thrown away upon the practitioner.

"I am not quite sure of that," he replied, eyeing her masculine proportions; "but, man or woman, ye'll be better awa'."

To prevent the explosion of her wrath, which might not have been confined to words alone, Dick, whose influence over the Tragedy Queen was unbounded, whispered in her ear that the doctor was mad, and entreated her to comply with his request. The lady reluctantly obeyed, but not before she had assured the offender, in a speech intended to be blank verse, that she scorned and defied him.

Judging from her strength, she might have securely added, "and half a dozen such."
"Pet was about to follow her, when an observation from the doctor detained her."

"It's a vera delicate operation," he said. "I never in all my born days operated upon sic a mammoth. You mun hold him fast—gin he stirs its death."

"I will hold him," exclaimed the poor girl.

"You! Are ye daft, lassie?"

"It is the more certain way," observed Sam, who knew his sister's influence over the giant. "You might cut him in pieces, and he would lie still, if Pet commanded him. All I fear is her courage."

"You need not fear it, brother, when it is to save the life of Gog."

Although Dr. Bawning considered it a most extraordinary proceeding, he offered no further objection; and Pet at once proceeded to her self-imposed task. Taking the hands of her huge protector in her own, she spoke to him in the most endearing tones. At the sound of her voice the man-mountain opened his heavy eyes and faintly smiled.

"Gog! dear good Gog!" she said, "you must promise to remain very still: the doctor is about to put you to great pain; but it is to cure you, to restore you to your friends, to those who love you. Do you hear me?"

The giant nodded.

"And you promise me?"

"Safe," he muttered, "quite safe."

With the assistance of Sam, the operator raised the head of his patient partially from the floor, and placed it between his knees. With a scalpel he divided the flesh and laid bare the bone, all of which the sufferer endured patiently; but when the saw was applied, his huge frame heaved convulsively and he ground his teeth in agony. Poor Pet turned exceedingly pale, but her resolution never for an instant failed her; although the sight of the blood and agony of the poor fellow wrung her to the heart.

"Now just give me the forceps," said the doctor.

Sam handed them to him, and he skillfully grasped the piece of bone whose pressure had benumbed a portion of his brain.

"There!" he exclaimed, in a tone of satisfaction, as he drew it out, "that's what I call a vera neat operation. Gude save us! what's the matter wi' the lassie?"

Pet had fainted.

When she recovered her senses she found Gog with his head bound and reclining upon the pillows: his features were ghastly pale, but his breathing much easier than before.

"Will he live?" demanded the dancer.

"Oh, ay! the critter will live weel enough, if he's allod to remain quiet," replied the surgeon; "but, in the present feverish state of the brain, excitement would bring on inflammation; and you may just guess the consequence."

"You hear, Pet," said her brother; "he will be spared to us: he is saved. Kiss me," he added; "you have shown firmness of which a man might well be proud."

"Bless you!" said his sister, grasping the hand of the operator, and raising it to her lips; "bless you. I cannot tell how happy you have made me."

"Have I?" chuckled the old man: "weel, I am right glad of it. You are a gude lassie, and have a rare courage of your ain. But I mun hasten back again: may be there'll be some feller wi' a bullet in his whame, or a slit in his thrippe, waiting for me. But I'll just brush my hands first."

Whilst the speaker was performing his ablutions, Mrs. Webb was admitted to the van. To do her justice, even her magnificent resentment gave way when informed of the result of his skill; for, with all her affection and dignity, she was really attached to Gog, who had followed her and her husband's good and evil fortunes for nearly twenty years.

As the doctor was about to depart, Dick and his friend counted out his fee to him.

"Weel," said the Scot, "ye are honest fellers after all; and I—what the deil man did ye tempt me by the sight of the gold for? I had made up my mind no to ask for it—that is," he added, with prudent forethought, "I had half made up my mind to it."

"Take it, sir; you have earned it," observed the dancer.

"Weel, weel, so I have—that is, I have half earned it; this pair lassie earned the other half, so I'm thinking we'll just divide it."

He counted out half the sum and proffered it to Pet. Probably it was the first time in his life he had ever been known to do such a thing as return a portion of his fees. The girl, however, put it back, declaring that he had richly deserved it: an act which astonished him more even than his own sudden fit of liberality.

"Ye mun be rich," he said, at the same time quietly sliding the gold into his capacious pocket; "but, the old proverb says, 'light come, light go,' and ye are young, and can work for mair."

With this reflection he took his leave, first repeating his caution that his patient should be kept perfectly quiet, and free from all excitement.

"Quiet!" repeated Sam; "and this night the ruffians threaten to attack the place again."

"Wretches!" exclaimed Mrs. Webb, indignantly; "but they shall find we are not to be tamely trampled on. 'To the left of the wood'—both, I mean—'be Rolla's station.'"

This was addressed to Dick, who perfectly understood her theatrical style of speaking.

"To Alonzo," continued the speaker, "we confide the van; for myself, straightforward will I march to meet the foe, and fight till I behold the people free, or they behold their monarch fall."

At the end of her quotation from Pizarro, the old actress caught up the tin shield with which she had so frequently fought a broadsword combat with the giant and drawn down thunders of applause, and armed herself with a theatrical sword.

"Wonderful woman," murmured her husband, in a tone of admiration; "she ought to have been in Drury Lane."

"Or the Victoria," whispered Sam, in the ear of his friend.

Several hours, however, were doomed to elapse before the courage of the mighty Euphrasia was brought to the test.

CHAPTER LXV.

To this great loss a sea of tears is due.—WALLER.

As Dr. Bawning had so much more kindness of nature than Dick and Sam at first supposed him capable of, they determined to proceed to his tent and consult him on the steps to be taken in their present difficulty, and Connor accompanied them.

"Weel," he said, "it strikes me ye are baith in as ugly a fix as e'er I heard on. As for help, where, in Heaven's name, will ye find it in this lawless land now the commissioner is awa? Eh! stay—I have it. I can find one honest man to help ye—a kintyman of my ain. When do ye expect the murderous ruffians?"

"Not before nightfall."

"And it wants just five hours," observed the old man. "Do either of ye ken the way to Granby Rise—it's just six miles."

"I know it well," replied Connor; "we worked there for fifteen days, but without success, so Miller insisted on abandoning it."

"The main fule he for his pains," said the doctor, "for the place, unlike the men, is better than it looks. Na matter for that, ye will find there a braw lad named Jack Muir; just say I sent you, and he'll lend ye a hand. I cannot make it out," he added; "he ought to ha' been back at the station these two days past."

"Should he doubt us?" suggested the friends.

"He'll no do that," answered their adviser, "especially if ye tell him that it's time he brought me the stuff he promised. I may as weel be candid with ye; he is an industrious lad, and I ha' been in the habit of sending his findings every week wi' my ain economies to Sydney, and noo ye ken all about him."

The hope of gaining one more to assist them decided the friends on risking the journey, especially as it was easy for them to be back before the hour of the apprehended attack. Sam would fain have accompanied his friend, but the latter would hear it.

As evening closed in, Sam cast many a wistful look from the half-closed shutter of the van, in hopes of seeing his friend arrive with the expected assistance. Pet was watching by the still sleeping Gog; Webb and his wife silently concealing their valuables in the various nooks and contrivances of the vehicle. Several pairs of pistols, which had been carefully loaded, not forgetting Euphrasia's sword and shield, lay ready for use upon the table.

"Perhaps they won't come," whispered the showman to his partner.

"Fahaw! he is true as steel."

"Why, you don't suppose I meant Dick," replied Webb. "I'd as soon doubt the pluck of Mrs. W. as his showing the white feather. It's the diggers I mean; maybe they've thought better of it."

"Then you don't know them," observed the dancer, sadly. "You might as well think to lure the famished wolf with sweet words from his prey, as expect Miller and his rascally gang to forego their scheme. Would Dick be returned?" he added; "and yet, Heaven forgive me, I fear the wish is a selfish one."

Pet, whose confidence in her safety since the arrival of her brother had not for an instant been broken, regarded him with surprise; she saw that he was both agitated and anxious. Creeping gently to his side, she placed her hand upon his arm, and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing! nothing!" he replied, with a kiss. "I am only watching for Dick."

"Did he promise to be back?"

"Yes, by nightfall."

"Then he'll keep his word," observed his sister, calmly.

A violent blow was struck by some one on the outside with a stick against the van.

The giant sighed, and turned uneasily on his side.

"Don't speak," whispered Sam.

The blow was repeated. The countenance of the poor girl became deadly pale. What, she thought, if the outrage of last night should be renewed?

Pet had crept to the little bed at the end of the van in which her infant was sleeping. She first gently kissed, then covered him carefully over, and returned to her post by the side of Gog.

"If he were well," she thought, as she gazed upon the huge form of her helpless protector, "what should I have to fear?"

By this time her brother, who was still anxiously listening, distinctly heard the tread of many feet in front of the booth. There was a pause, followed by the murmuring of voices, as if the mob were encouraging each other.

"They come," he said, "and Dick is not here. Heaven protect us."

He was not permitted to remain long in doubt as to the intentions of the lawless crew of half-drunk ruffians who, headed by Miller and Ben Sneider, quickly made their way into the canvas booth, and commenced beating with their bludgeons against the broken benches. There were loud whistles—calls for the play to begin—and shouts for the dancer.

Still all was silent within the van, where the light had been extinguished.

It was a terrible moment for Sam, as he stood with a pistol in each hand watching the crowd of upturned faces, on which passion, dissipation and vice had left appalling traces, through the opening of one of the shutters. At the call for his sister the countenance of her protector flushed deeply, and he grasped his weapons with increased resolution.

"We are not going to be disappointed of our sport," exclaimed the leader of the gang. "I know they are in the van."

"Dressing, perhaps," added Ben, with a grin. "Up with the curtain."

This was followed by loud demands for the dancing-girl to be sent out to them, followed with fearful threats in case of refusal.

Poor Pet! how she shuddered as she heard them.

"Smoke them out!" roared several.

"Smash them in!" exclaimed others.

"Crack their shells, Peter," said Miller.

He was armed with a sledge-hammer, and advanced amidst the cheers of his companions to the door of the van, when the report of a pistol was heard. The strong ruffian staggered and fell.

There was a moment's hesitation. The perfect silence of the inmates and the absence of light in the van, did more to cool their courage than threats or entreaties could have done—the latter, in all probability, would only have inflamed them.

"Peter is done for," observed one of the mob, who had caught him as he fell; "the bullet has gone clean through his crab-shell."

Several of the others removed the body. Sam had aimed well.

"You know what I promised you!" shouted Miller to the crowd, several of whom, not liking the turn affairs were taking, began to slink away. "Free quarters to-night at the Great Nugget. I'll pay the score."

Tempered by the love of drink, and still more by the ferocity of their instincts, the most courageous of the party caught up the broken benches, rushed towards the van, with the intention of using them like battering-rams. There was a second discharge; this time four pistols were discharged, and three of the assailants fell.

A fearful yell and a loud cry for vengeance followed. As the shots were not renewed, the leaders of the mob judged that the defenders were reloading. Each armed himself with a heavy piece of timber, and began battering against the sides of the van. It was a perfect hurricane of blows. The uprisings began to crack, and it was evident both to Sam and Webb that in a few moments the van would be at the mercy of their infuriated assailants.

The only signs which Gog gave of consciousness during this fearful struggle was by occasionally turning on his side and uttering a low moan.

The door was beaten in, as well as a considerable portion of the side of the vehicle, upon which the lawless ruffians now began to climb, not dreaming of resistance. They fortunately were without firearms.

At the sight of their horrid faces Pet uttered a loud scream.

"Bring out the girl," shouted Miller, "and leave the old one."

It was the second time during the last twelve hours that the epithet old had been applied to the magnificent Euphrasia. As she afterwards avowed when related to the affair, she never felt more alone and alone than at that moment.

In the side of the van and with her broadsword dealt a succession of blows upon the heads and hands of those who were climbing up, so that they speedily fell back, the enraged amateur exclaiming all the while, in the language of her favorite melodrama, "Dastards! what, fly ye from a woman's arm?"

This diversion, as our readers may naturally suppose, was only momentary, for the men quickly recovered courage, when they discovered that they only received hard knocks instead of wounds, for the theatrical broadsword was too blunt to cut. The shouts of laughter from their companions urged them on once more.

Webb, in his terror, began shouting for the police.

Calm, though denuding of ultimate success, the poor dancer determined to defend his sister's honor to the last. The thought of her fate, if once she fell into the hands of the brutal gang, nerved him with more than human strength. Having reloaded his pistols he sprang from the van into the midst of the mob, who, seeing that he was armed, recoiled for an instant before him.

"Afraid of one man?" shouted Miller.

"Think of the grog at the Nugget."

As the first of the speakers was evidently the one who had excited the cowardly outrage, Sam levelled at him and fired; the bullet grazed his head, and the cowardly ruffian instantly concealed himself behind one of the massive pieces of timber still upright, which stood in the middle of the tent—in fact, was its main prop.

"He has only one left," exclaimed the leader.

"But that one carries death with it," answered the brother of Pet, "and which of you will have it? Why do you attack us?" he added; "have we injured any of you? assaulted you? What do you require? Money? Take all we have, but retire; we only ask our lives and liberty to depart."

Half mad at the sight of the danger to which her brother was exposed, Pet seized the arm of the half-conscious giant.

"They are murdering him," she shrieked. "O, save him! save him!"

"I tell you they are killing him," Oh, come yourself. Alas! he cannot hear me. At least we can die together."

With a piercing shriek, she sprang from the van, and stood by the side of her gallant brother, who clasped her despairingly with one arm, whilst with his levelled pistol he still kept his assailants at bay.

The sight of the girl only seemed to increase the fury of the excited ruffians.

"Fifty dollars," shouted Miller, "to the man who brings her to me."

They were the last words the villain was doomed to utter. A sharp report rang at the back of the booth, and a bullet from Dick's pistol, who had just arrived, whistled through his brain.

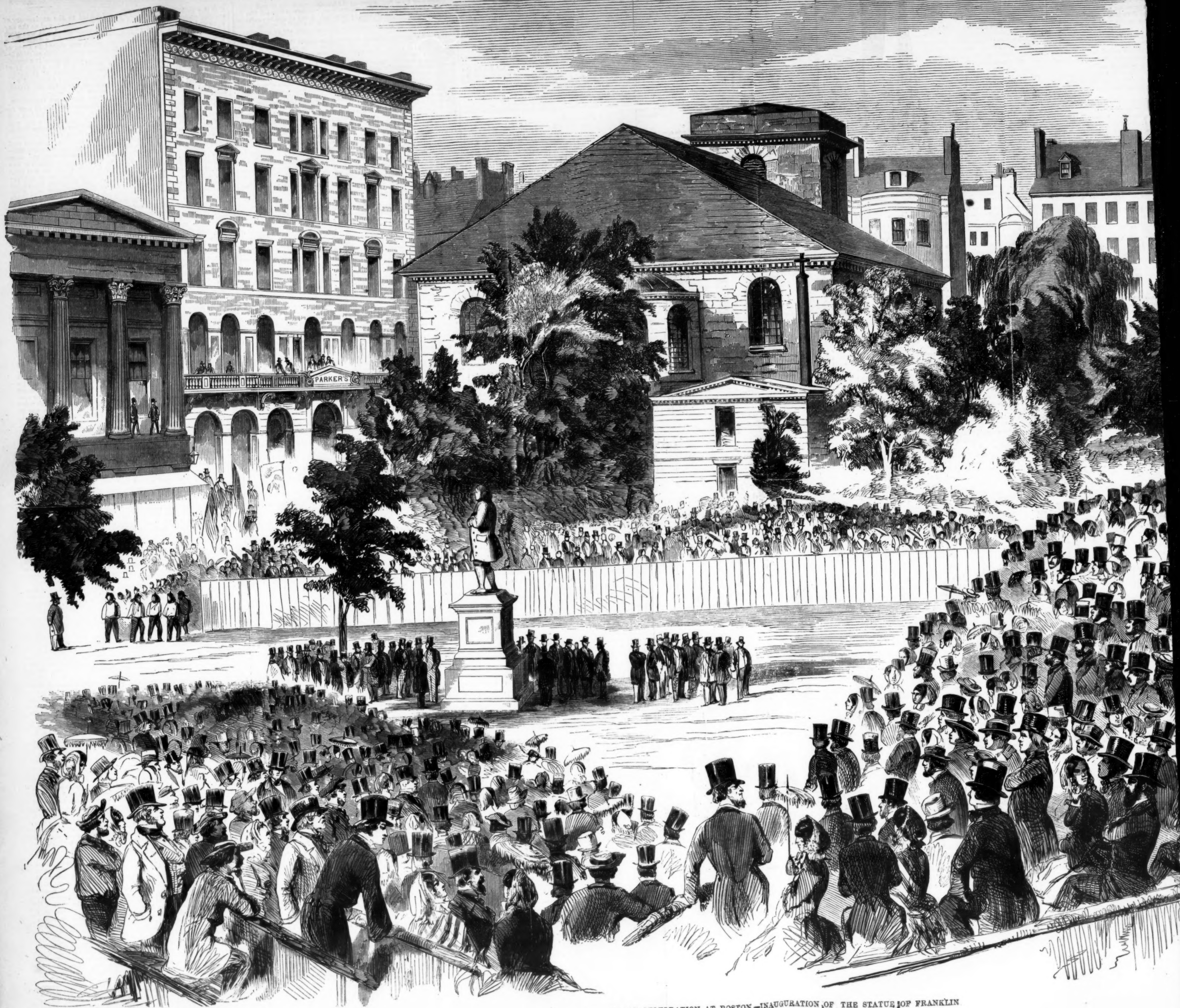
(To be continued.)

FRANKLIN CELEBRATION IN BOSTON.

It is not our present purpose to dilate upon any of the numerous suggestions that come thronging to the mind when writing aught that concerns the poor printer boy, who rose gradually above all difficulties, by the sheer force of his own industry and unaided genius, to be the eminent sage, philosopher and statesman, until he finally attained the very topmost peak upon the pinnacle of Fame, and dazzled the eyes of an admiring world by his lofty patriotism, deep science and profound wisdom. In him was fully exemplified that if genius be the Heaven-born father, industry is the earthly mother, and that the former can never make the perfect man unless conjoined with the latter. His great learning, scrupulous integrity, Republican simplicity, and wonderful talents, extorted the homage of kings and courts, who all bowed in admiration before the shrine of his mighty genius, and the commanding dignity of his personal presence. Perhaps the biography of no man who ever lived affords so instructive a lesson to rising generations as that of Franklin. The maxims of "Poor Richard" will live longer than perennial brass or granite statues.

The grand civic display of the Bostonians, on Wednesday, the 17th day of September, 1856, was one of the most imposing pageants

that city ever saw. The day was celebrated as the anniversary of the Constitution of the United States in Convention, and as the day upon which Washington's Farewell Address is dated. It was most properly deemed a fitting occasion to inaugurate the erection of a bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin, which was placed in front of the City Hall. The base is of plain Quincy granite, with suitable inscriptions carved on each of its four sides. The pedestal is a beautiful block of mottled Verd Antique marble, and the statue is of bronze, cast at the Ames Manufacturing Company of Chicopee, Massachusetts. It is eight feet in height, weighs a ton, and cost \$10,000. The total height of the pedestal, die stone and statue, is about twenty-seven feet. The whole is a very magnificent work of art. The artist is Mr. Richard Saltonstall Greenough, a brother of both Henry and Horatio Greenough. He is now in Paris engaged in his art. It is a matter of regret that he was not present to witness the inauguration of the statue. The day was ushered in with the ringing of bells and the firing of salutes, and a grand procession was formed, including the State and city officers, the military, and the firemen, the trades, including printers and telegraph operators at work, the Masonic fraternity, societies, children of public schools, the truckmen, merchants' clerks, and each and every industrial class in Boston. The procession passed by the birth-place of Franklin, the old South Church where he was baptized, the site of the printing office where he worked as an apprentice, the shop where he made candles, and the place where his parents were buried. One feature of the procession was most especially interesting. Dr. Franklin left a fund, the interest of which was devoted to the purchase of medals for the six best male pupils of each of the public schools every year. The Franklin medals have been regularly awarded every year from 1792 to 1856, and the medal scholars, old and young, appeared in the procession. It is unfortunate that there is no record of these names prior to 1836, and the boys, wherever dispersed, were invited to join in this reunion. The number of medals given is near six thousand. A most interesting feature of the procession was the old "Franklin Press," from Portsmouth, N. H., which came well authenticated. The press bears the date "1742," and the initials "T. D." cut upon it, evidently with a cold chisel. The story of the press is that it was procured by the late John Melcher, of Portsmouth, whose heirs have kindly consented to its removal, from Draper, whose initials it bears. Mr. Draper was a friend to Franklin, and informed Mr. Melcher that the press was a present to him from Franklin. It is a queer looking old affair, and is a rare curiosity as a waymark in the progress of printing machinery. It has, besides, all the ancient adjuncts—ink balls and banks. On the same platform with the press, an ancient type-stand was placed, said, with a tolerable degree of assurance, to have been a part of James Franklin's office, and that Benjamin Franklin worked at it. It is apparently old enough to be what it is pretended. The printers presented specimens of ancient and modern work—of the former a reprint of the eightieth number of the Boston *Courant*, in which the name of Franklin appears as publisher, when his brother James was imprisoned for the libel. The Historical Society have a bound volume of the paper from its commencement, but the rules of the association will not permit its removal. Hence the printers, to obtain the copy, took their cases to the society's rooms and set it up there. One feature of the procession was a wagon from the four corners of which telegraph poles were elevated, strung with wires. An electrical machine was in operation, giving shocks to all who wished to experience the sensation. On this car was a huge glass cylinder which was known, was used by Franklin in his experiments. The Columbia Charitable Society of Shipwrights and Caulkers of Boston and Charlestown bore the identical flag (bearing date 1789) used on General Washington's reception in Boston, 1793; at the launching of the frigate Constitution, 1797; and at the funeral procession of Gen. Washington, who died in 1799. They also carried the banner representing their profession. One firm turned out with three cars, one of which represented a primary school with furniture, and children at study, the second a grammar school, and the third a high school. Every conceivable banner, device, and emblem, typical of the various arts and trades, found its place in the procession, which will long be remembered by Bostonians as one of unparalleled success and splendor. An autograph letter of Franklin was exhibited in one of the windows at Washington street. It was written by him while minister to the court of France, and was a valuable relic, and most appropriate for such an occasion. The inauguration was never equalled in Boston since the civic event of introducing the Cochituate water. Business was wholly suspended during the day. The procession, embracing nine divisions, was escorted by the first brigade of Massachusetts Militia, including the Boston Light Artillery, the National Lancers, and Light Dragoons. The procession was over two hours in passing a given point, and represented nearly every mechanical trade and manufacture. Among the special attractions was a new and beautiful locomotive and tender, named the Benjamin Franklin, mounted on trucks and drawn by eighteen horses; a sugar-grinding mill, for Cuba, drawn by twelve horses; the House and Morse telegraph instruments; the electric fire alarm; Franklin's old printing press, on which was being struck off and scattered to the crowd a fac simile of his newspaper, dated 1723; immense structures on wheels representing school-rooms filled with scholars at the desks; and a vast number of other novel and interesting features made up one of the grandest displays ever witnessed. The Masonic fraternity, the Firemen, and Mechanics' Charitable Association, and numerous other charitable societies of Boston, and mechanic and other societies from the adjoining cities and towns were out in very full force. The procession reached the site of the statue at the west front of the City Hall soon after three o'clock. Here several thousand took possession of the temporary seats and platform, while other thousands filled every standing-place in the vicinity. The drapery which had hitherto concealed the statue was then raised, when it was greeted with thunders of applause. The exercises consisted of music by the band, singing by the pupils of the Public Schools, prayer by the Rev. Mr. Blagden, addresses by Mayor Rice, and Masonic ceremonies of inauguration. The oration was then pronounced by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and occupied an hour and a quarter in its delivery. It was listened to with close attention, broken only by repeated outbursts of applause. The hymn of Old Hundred was sung by the vast audience, and a benediction by Bishop Eastburn closed the inauguration. The number of strangers and citizens that thronged to witness the pageant was greater than ever before seen in this city. The sidewalks and balconies the entire route of the procession were crowded. Many buildings and streets were handsomely decorated. During the oration and the other exercises, telegraph messages were transmitted to, and answers received and read from the Mayors of Portland, New York, Philadelphia, Halifax, Troy, Albany, Springfield, Dover, Pittsfield, and other cities. In the evening the City Hall was brilliantly illuminated. As the crowning intellectual feast of the day, the Rev. Dr. Chapin, of this city, delivered an oration in the evening at the Tremont Temple, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. His glowing periods, impassioned earnestness, noble sentiments and matchless eloquence, electrified the vast auditory, and held them spell-bound during its entire delivery, which was frequently interrupted by tumultuous and prolonged plaudits. It was an effort worthy of the man and the occasion, and Mr. Chapin added another laurel to the glorious chaplet which already wreathes his brow. Our engraving is drawn from Niles' Block, at a point which shows only a corner of the City Hall. We preferred this to a front view, because we are thus enabled to show the rear of the venerable "King's Chapel," so rich in historic incident and revolutionary associations—the Massachusetts Horticultural Society building, erected on the site of the old Latin school-house, where we were first taught the classics—and the famous restaurant building, which is the pride and boast of the modern Athenians. "Parker's" has been in Boston, for nearly a score of years, a synonym of everything good in the way of eating and drinking. His bibbles and comestibles are of superlative excellence, and his manner of serving them unrivalled, eclipsing even our own Delmonico. The exterior is of white marble, and the interior is fitted up with an elegance and taste worthy of the great reputation of the proprietor as a caterer. All Bostonians will remember "Parker" as the same who, for fifteen years, flourished so greatly at his old place at the corner of Court street. American flags were strung from the Horticultural building across to the City Hall, which we have omitted from our engraving because they would have greatly obscured the view of the buildings. Our artist took his sketch at the moment when the committee placed this magnificent statue in the custody of the public. The scene is truthful and lifelike, and its fidelity will be readily appreciated by all who were fortunate enough to witness the ceremony.



GREAT CELEBRATION AT BOSTON.—INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN



INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN

INDEPENDENCE ROCK.—COL. FREMONT'S CROSS.

THIS remarkable rock—remarkable not only of itself, but also because of the prominence it has attained in the present political campaign—we have thought worthy of a full-page illustration in our paper. We are indebted for the sketch from which our engraving is made to the courtesy and kindness of Mr. John Taylor, "one of the twelve" apostles of the church of the "Latter Day Saints," and the able and gentlemanly editor of the "Mormon" newspaper published in this city. We desire in this connection to tender our sincere thanks to the conductors of that journal for our admirable drawing of the city of the Great Salt Lake, and for numerous other sketches of scenery in that far-off region, which have already appeared in our paper, and which will continue, from time to time, to enrich our columns. We should have earlier acknowledged the obligation, and take great pleasure in stating that they afford us every information requisite to a truthful description of the illustrations. A geographical error obtains very generally in regard to the locality of Independence Rock. Even our friend, Charles W. Upham, Esq., the author of a most attractive biography of the republican candidate for the Presidency, commits the grave mistake of placing it among the Rocky Mountains, when, in fact, it is three or four days' travel from the famous South Pass, and two days' journey, as emigrants are in the habit of travelling, from where the range of mountains begins to rise. It is an isolated rock—a huge granite boulder—lying to the eastward of the mountains, on a vast plain that is traversed by the Sweet Water river, a clear and beautiful stream. Close to its margin lies the road, following and crossing the devious windings of the river, and at this point running immediately by the rock. The road is what is known as the old military route to Oregon, and is travelled by all emigrants wending their way to Oregon, California, and the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It was called Independence Rock because it was reached—as it generally is in the ordinary course of travel—on the 4th of July, and the day was there celebrated by the patriotic travellers. Nearly every passer-by clambers upon its summit, which is reached with out difficulty, and thousands upon thousands of names, initials, and devices are cut upon its granite surface, many of them in positions it would seem almost impossible to attain. Centuries hence, perhaps, many of its quaint hieroglyphs will puzzle the antiquary more than the inscriptions on the Egyptian Pyramids. The terrible cross about which so much ado is made by unscrupulous politicians was plainly cut, and then seamed over with a coating of India-rubber to preserve it from the action of the weather. We have seen it—as has almost every other man who has been there—and never dreamed of attaching to it any peculiar religious significance other than that it was a most appropriate mark to show that the spot had been pressed by a Christian foot, and that civilized man, and not a roving Indian, had placed it there. We have followed closely in the footsteps of Col. Fremont across the trackless wilderness and over the toilsome mountains, and had our own life imperilled by grim starvation and the hostile Indian, and we have in this matter a deep feeling that rises above the abstractions and absurdities of politicians. If men will divest themselves of all partisan bias, they must see the supreme folly of attributing to Col. Fremont a crime for having engraved upon this tablet of the Almighty the universal symbol of the Christian Faith. The Cross (which was the gallows of the Jews) is the sacred emblem of the religion of the Christian world. It belongs to no sect, or creed, or nation; and as well might that "devout astronomer" who traced its outline among the eternal stars be denounced for conferring the name upon that beautiful constellation, as the great explorer of the wilderness who piously carved it upon God's own monument of everlasting granite. The man who repudiates the "superstition of the cross" can have little love for Him who bore it—the beautiful moon of the divine sun which alone illuminates our human night. To be ashamed of the symbol is to be ashamed of the love and the suffering it symbolizes. Surely the true "friends of the cross" without regard to creeds, will honor the heroic pilgrim of the wilderness who gratefully and devoutly recorded his triumph in that simple sign, dear to every Christian heart—the holy hieroglyphic which tells the story of a world's redemption, which no Christian eye can ever see without veneration, and which no Christian soul can ever contemplate without the most profound emotions. Col. Fremont has no reason to be ashamed of his chronicle of the Cross. As a sacred memento of the convict of Calvary; as the bloodstained symbol of a redeeming principle which the world has not yet comprehended; as a holy comforter and keep-sake for every suffering sinner, the Cross is an emblem dear to the heart of Christendom, which we all, Protestant and Catholic alike, revere. Why denounce the explorer of the wilderness for carving its lines on Independence Rock, while we venerate the piety of the astronomer who traced its sacred lineaments among the everlasting stars of heaven? And yet his political opponents deride him for this simple act of faith. If this is not bigotry, we know not what is. It is worse: it is unblushing infidelity. The Cross, the world over, is but the symbol of Christianity, as the Crescent is the symbol of Moslemism. It is the sacred and mournful memento of Him who bore it upon his shoulders up the Hill of Death, where he suffered and died—a martyr to principle—a victim to intolerance—a willing sacrifice for the sins of us all. Colonel Fremont, in common with the whole Christian world, reveres the sad sign of the crucifixion, and has carved the holy symbol upon a granite summit of Christian America. For this pious and customary act he is denounced as a man guilty of an offence that disqualifies him for the Presidency of a Christian nation! Political opponents, blinded by prejudice, attempt to deduce from this simple act that he must be a Roman Catholic—a devout follower of Pio Nono. If the matter were not too serious for ridicule, we could only laugh at such absurdity. There is as much sense in such an argument as in saying that because Col. Fremont has roamed a great deal, therefore he must be a Rome-an Catholic! The sect which derives its authority and takes its direction from the hoary splendors of St. Peter's has no claim to a monopoly of the Cross. We do not wish to be understood as taking any part in the present exciting controversy of the day—our paper being strictly neutral in politics—but we cannot forbear saying that Col. Fremont's friends have their opponents upon the hip when they declare that they would much rather see his name and faith thus inscribed than find it written at the bottom of Fugitive Slave bills or Ostend manifestos.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written descriptions, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

Our paper of last week was a more than usually attractive number. A very large edition was printed, though not more than was wanted, to meet the increasing demand. If any of our readers, therefore, were so unlucky as not to see our last paper, we advise them to procure it without delay.

The fact is, the more our Illustrated Newspaper becomes known, the larger becomes the host by whom it is read and admired. We expect, by-and-by, to eclipse the London Illustrated News. From all parts of the country we are now in daily receipt of the most flattering notices by the press. We take this occasion to ask the various editors who have spoken kindly of us to accept our hearty thanks for their free and generous courtesy. At the same time, we beg leave to assure them that of our success and the lasting establishment of this paper there now remains not the shadow of a doubt. Unless we meet with some entirely unex-

pected contingencies, which cannot be anticipated and now seem to be impossible, this paper will in a few weeks be placed on a sure and durable basis.

We are preparing a splendid specimen number, which we shall sow broadcast all over the land—it will be sent everywhere, and given away with the utmost freedom. All we ask in return for the great expenditure which this sheet will entail is some words of friendly notice, whether printed or spoken. As its result we look indeed for a large increase of subscribers; but every one who sends us his or her name will be sure to be richly compensated. The new and beautiful romance, entirely original, which is now in the hands of our artists for illustration and which will shortly be commenced, will of itself be worth a year's subscription.

Moreover, we are preparing to surpass all our former efforts in the style, character and number of our illustrations. The purchaser of Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper will often obtain for a single dime a carefully engraved copy of a picture which cannot be elsewhere procured for more dollars than he pays cents. Some of these engravings will be so large and so well executed as to be well worth cutting out and framing. All of them will be found entitled to careful preservation. Those who regularly file the paper will find themselves, at the end of each six months, possessed of an elegant portfolio of pictures.

With regard to the literary character of this paper, we desire to say, with emphasis, that it shall be as good as if it solely depended on that, and not on its engravings. Many persons entertain the idea that the proprietor wholly relies on artistic embellishments, and not on intellectual efforts. This is both erroneous and absurd. It is his ambition that his journal shall circulate among the best educated and most intelligent. To this end he has already secured editors and correspondents whose names and writings are held in the highest esteem by the American public, and whose reputations have extended over the whole country.

From time to time we shall announce to our readers what we are preparing to do, so as to keep alive an unflagging interest. As an earnest of what our deeds in future shall be, we point with, as we deferentially think, a justifiable pride to what we have done. We assert, without fear of being gainsaid, that we have presented to the community by far the best Illustrated Newspaper that has been published in the United States; and there is no reason, if we are liberally sustained, why we cannot equal the best that are published in Europe.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

THIS eminent American banker, for many years resident in London, arrived in New York by the steamship Atlantic on Monday last. He was met on his arrival here by a committee of merchants, and escorted to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where a suite of rooms had been engaged. During the afternoon and evening the distinguished stranger was visited by a large number of his friends, and was waited on by a committee of merchants from Boston, who tendered him an invitation to that city. On Tuesday he was visited by a deputation of Southern merchants. Mr. Peabody remained here in quiet until Thursday, when he departed on a visit to Newport as the guest of Mr. Wetmore. On his return to the city a complimentary reception (probably a dinner) will be given him by the merchants of New York. And well has such a compliment been deserved. No American abroad has ever played a more honorable part, or elicited a more cordial, universal esteem and respect than Mr. Peabody. He has been nobly hospitable, lavishly generous. By his tasteful and splendid parties, he has not only illustrated his own honor but that of his country; he has fostered the spirit of national kindness and augmented the mutual regard of Englishmen and Americans. We are rejoiced to see that the merchants of our great cities will be anxious to repay him in kind for his most liberal and constant civilities.

POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.—In another part of our paper will be found an article under this title, which practically solves the problem contained in our issue of June 21st, accompanied by diagrams, and entitled a *Mathematical Paradox*. This article will be found not only to explain the mystery of that popular toy; but it turns the mystery to good account, by applying its principle to some of the problems of the solar system; and, among others, the long-disputed point whether the moon revolves on its axis.

LITERARY.

LEONARD SCOTT & Co. continue their replications of the foreign reviews and *Blackwood's Magazine*. We sincerely believe that no man can constantly read these periodicals without becoming well informed on the most important topics of the day, for they are mostly found discussed in their pages with ability, learning, and thoroughness, and generally with impartiality. The replications comprise, beside *Blackwood*, the *Westminster*, the *London Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *North British Review*, each excellent in its kind, and written for by the best critics.

The prices of subscription to these replications are very moderate, taken separately or together.

FREDERICK PERTHES.—Early on the morning of the 22d of May, 1843, was buried in the churchyard of Gotha, in Germany, a bookseller by the name of Frederick Perthes. He was such a bookseller as one does not often see. He was the intimate friend of Klopstock, of Niebuhr, of Humboldt, of Jacobi, and Heeren. Among his confidential acquaintances were Goethe and Schelling. His life seemed full of every virtue, and grace, and hope. His was a rare nature, which the literati of his own country knew well how to appreciate. His biography is one of the most charming books ever published in any language. It has just been translated from the German, and published by Constable & Co., in Edinburgh. Dix, Edwards & Co., of New York, are the American publishers of this admirable work. It should be in the library of every literary man, as the perusal of it will afford so much pleasure and information that no scholar or man of taste should be without it.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, says an exchange paper, characterizes the assault on Mr. Sumner by Mr. Brooks, as "so unprovoked and atrocious, that we believe the veriest coal-heaver in this country would have scorned to have perpetrated it."

If *Blackwood's Magazine* uses the pluperfect tense after this fashion, all that we have to say is—*Blackwood* uses bad grammar.

It is surprising how often this pluperfect blunder is made by people who pretend to write good English. In a note to an article in the *North British Review* for the last quarter, On Literary Coterie, page 137, the writer says, "We had proposed to have said something," &c.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. By J. L. MOTLEY. This work, published in three large and elegant octavos, by Harper & Brothers, is confessedly the most important and valuable contribution to historical literature, that has been made during the present century. As it is the result of the industry and genius of an American author, and as Americans all look with distrust on the writings of their countrymen, in consequence of the absurd defence which they pay to foreigners, this may seem an extravagant assertion. But it is fully verified by opinions, which, more than any other we are apt to respect—the opinions of English critics of the first authority. We might present extracts, confirmatory of this, from the *London Quarterly Review*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *British Critic*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and various other periodicals of a like stamp, did our space allow. But we must confine ourselves to one, and choose the *Westminster*. That Review makes this book the subject of its

leading paper. After highly complimenting Mr. Prescott for his admirable life of Philip the Second, (two volumes of which only have been issued,) and speaking of it as, like all his writings, "eloquent, rational, cultivated, written in a kindly, genial spirit, dispassionate and tolerant," the Review speaks of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," as "a history, complete as genius and industry can make it." "It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labor." "It is a book which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any other language." "If we may not claim the writer as an Englishman, we have reason to be glad that in these dangerous times a book should have appeared, by an American writer, which will form a link among all who speak our common language, which will not fail to show that America and England are not united only in blood and interest, but that the soundest thinkers there as well as here agree at heart in far higher subjects." "All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern writer, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. His principles are those of honest love for all which is good and admirable in human character wherever he finds it, while he unaffectedly hates oppression and despises selfishness with all his heart." "He tells his story with fact, not with commentary, and trusts for his effects to the quiet and simple truth." "The matter is compressed by the elaborate finish of the style."

This is high commendation, and, coming from such a source, must be received with entire confidence. It is enough to mark the work as one worthy to be purchased by every patriot, every scholar, every lover of history, and placed in all good libraries, whether public or private. If there are any librarians, any managers of public associations, who have omitted the duty of purchasing this work, we advise them to perform it without delay; for, besides its intrinsic excellence, it reflects great honor upon our country. We have had no communication with Harper & Brothers on the subject, but presume that they will, with accustomed liberality, supply the volumes at a reasonable discount to all literary institutions.

THE PUBLISHERS AND THE TRADE SALES.—The city is at present enlivened by the appearance in our streets of the publishers, jolly good fellows who may, under the present system of business, say to authors how many books we get out. The regular trade sale of Leavitt and Delisler has been largely attended, and the sales have been carried on with great satisfaction, both sellers and buyers being seemingly pleased with their mutual relations. Among the most liberal contributors is Putnam, and his most popular works the "Life of Washington," by Washington Irving. The old and favorite house of Bangs and Brothers has also been crowded with purchasers, and there appears no diminution in the amount of the regular sales. The Messrs. Harper, who have among others continued their business relation with Bangs and Brother, contributed a list of books not only remarkable for its valuable contents, but also remarkable in the development of the fact that the gigantic book establishment, of which they are the head, produces annually an amount of manufactured volumes equal in number to the whole amount of the remaining members of the trade put together. It is also conceded that at the present moment the publications of this house not only in solid and useful works, but also in their "light reading," maintains a higher position than ever, and have a more universal demand. There are no better men in the world in social life than booksellers. Although they serve up to the public intellectual food, they are great eaters themselves for corned beef, baked turkey, and champagne, and they can turn from the dry details of business and enter into the consumption of "creature comforts" with an avidity quite gratifying to hospitable people, and exceedingly edifying to hotel-keepers, who are apt to be very much alarmed lest their boarders will get "more than their money." The appearance of authors and critics at these trade sales is a circumstance well calculated to call forth the powers of the pencil of Cruikshank and Leech. Authors rarely look pleased at the proceedings, and seldom take any particular interest in what is going on, except it be in the discussion of the "lunch" in the upper rooms.

LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

CHAPTER LXIV.—Continued.

ON quitting the booth the dancer directed his steps to the Great Nugget, where he found Dick and his companion conversing with the pale-faced girl, Sarah Ann. Fortunately, the shanty was free from guests, and Hackabut Stark was absent. It was evident from the agitation of our hero, that he had heard of what had passed.

"I know all," he said, wringing the hand of his friend: "all the danger and misery your devotion to me has caused. Let me scarcely dare name her—"

"Quite safe," replied Sam: "but poor Gog!"

"Is he much hurt?"

"Dying, I fear."

There was a pause of several minutes; neither of the young men could speak. Their thoughts reverted to the days of their boyhood, when they practised together in the fields, and the kind-hearted giant stood with his huge arms extended to catch them if they fell. Neither was his courageous defence of them forgotten after Dick's escape from the lodging-house in Manchester.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the latter, breaking silence. "Sam, I abandon my design of pursuing the villain who has possessed himself of the proofs of my legitimacy. Fiddle! fortune! as Heaven reads my heart, I'd sacrifice them freely to repair the evil our absence has occasioned."

Connor looked surprised.

"I care not who knows my story now," continued the speaker; "our only care must be to protect your sister from a repetition of the outrage which this girl informs me has been threatened by these ruffians."

"I heard Philip Miller and the man they call Ben Sneider arrange it with my own ears," observed the girl. "It seems there is some young woman in the booth whom they are determined to carry off with them to the diggings."

"Will they?" exclaimed Sam, his features flushing with indignation; "one life at least shall be sacrificed before they succeed."

"More lives than one," said our hero, grasping his hand. "Still I cannot understand," he added, addressing their informant, "how this outrage has been permitted. I fancied that since the arrival of the commissioner, something like order had been established."

"And so it has," replied Sarah Ann; "but Mr. Hardy is absent with the police at Bathurst, where the gold has been placed for security, till the arrival of the escort."

"And when does he return?"

"He is not expected till the morning."

"Tell me, my good girl," said Dick; "lawless and depraved as are the majority of the adventurers who frequent this place, are there not some on whom we may rely for assistance? or is manhood effaced from the hearts of all?"

"I have never found such," answered the girl, mournfully; "and Heaven knows I sought a protector from the brutality of which I have been a victim. They all stand too much in awe of the man they call Philip, and his band; they are the terror of the place."

"It is clear," observed his friend, with a determined look, "that we must rely upon ourselves."

"Let me join with you!" exclaimed Connor, earnestly. "I would willingly risk my life in such a cause; how much more willingly, then, to secure your confidence?"

The offer was frankly accepted, for all suspicion of his intentions had long since been dissipated in the minds of his companions; and in their present desperate position the aid of one resolute arm was too valuable to be lightly rejected. After purchasing ammunition at the shanty they took their leave of the girl, who promised faithfully, in the event of Miller and Ben Sneider making inquiries after them, to say that they had left the station to return to the diggings by way of the Lower Creek, a route they had many reasons for supposing the ruffians would carefully avoid; for it was there the young Sneider had been murdered and robbed, at the place called Granite Point.

On quitting the Great Nugget the party went in search of the surgeon, Dr. Dawning; a little old-fashioned north countryman, who, with the prudence habitual to his race, had pitched his tent as close to the quarters of the Commissioner as possible.

To this canny son of Aesculapius the expedition to the diggings had indeed proved a golden one; for judging from his charges he must have amassed a considerable sum. Previous to the discovery of the precious metals he had been half starved in Sydney. Never had drugs in the history of the profession brought such sums. Quinine sold for twenty times its weight in gold, and the simplest operation in surgery had to be paid for at a price that would have made Liston or Brodie stare.

They found the little man making his meal of a bowl of oatmeal porridge; for, with all his gains, he was far too economical to purchase meat at the rate it fetched at the station.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for ye? is it a cut or a pistol shot? or maybe ye are wanting some of my infallible fever powders. I have got but a vary few of them left. Fever," he added, "is the curse o' the kinty."

"Yet you seem to have escaped it," observed Dick.

"Ye are the blessing o' heaven and temperance," answered Dr. Dawning, eyeing the speaker curiously. "Men stuff their cravens full as a blunderer wad stuff a haggis, deluge their food with brandy, and then wonder why they can't digest it. But what's your pleasure?"

"You doubtless heard of the outrage which was committed last night."

"Last night!" repeated the doctor; "every night! There never was sic a place for cuttin' and shootin'. It's a stab here, and a bullet there. The diggers are little better than savages. It's my private opinion that Norfolk Island mun be a fule to it."

"One of the poor fellows got severely injured."

"Ye mun bring him here then," replied the old man, sharply; "I never leave my tent."

"Impossible," said Sam, impatiently.

"Is he so bad, then?"

"Dying, I fear."

"In the bush?"

"No, in the showman's van. In protecting a helpless girl from the insults of the ruffians who assailed her, he received a blow upon the back of his head."

"Ay, ay," muttered the doctor; "fractured, na doot. Weel," he added, in a milder tone, "I am glad that it's no ain o' the diggers. He might ha' died like a wolf in his lair before I would have ventured to the bush amongst 'em, but as it's only just a step—"

"You'll come, then?" interrupted our hero eagerly.

"Stop, stop, stop!" said the cautious Scot. "There's one thing just necessary to regulate."

CHARLES READE'S STORIES.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "PEG WOFFINGTON," "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "ART," &c., &c.
(Continued in No. 40.)

CHAPTER IV.

Old Hathorn paced down the village with his oak stick a happy man; but for all that he was a little mystified. But two hours ago Robert had told him he loved Rachael, and had asked his leave to marry her, and in answer to his angry, or, to speak more correctly, his violent refusal, had told him his heart was bound up in her, and he would rather die than marry any other woman. What could have worked such a sudden change in the young man's mind? "Maybe I shall find out," was his concluding reflection; and he was right; he did find out, and the information came from a most unexpected quarter. As he passed the village public house he was hailed from the parlor-window; he looked up, and at it was Farmer Hickman, mug in hand. Now, to tell the truth, Hathorn was not averse to ale, especially at another man's expense, and, thought he, "Farmer is getting beery, looks pretty red in the face; however, I'll see if I can't jump something out of him about him and Rose." So he joined Hickman; and in about half an hour he was also redder in the face than at first.

If the wit is out when the wine is in, what must it be when the beer is in? Old Hathorn and Hickman were much freer over their glass than they had ever been before, and Hathorn pumped Hickman; but inasmuch as Hickman desired to be pumped, and was rather cunning half drunk than sober, the old farmer drew out of him nothing about Rose, but he elicited an artful and villainous mixture of truth and falsehood about Rachael Wright; it was not a vague sketch like that with which he had destroyed Robert's happiness; it was a long, circumstantial history, full of discolored truths and equivokes, and embellished with one or two good honest lies; but of these there were not many; poor Richard could not be honest even in dealing with the devil—a great error, since that personage is not to be cheated; honesty is your only card in any little transaction with him. The symposium broke up. Hickman's horse was led round, he mounted, bade Hathorn good day, and went off. In passing the farm his red face turned black, and he shook his fist at it, and said, "Fight it out now amongst ye." And the poisoner cantered away.

In leading Robert Hathorn and others so far, we have shot ahead of some little matters which must not be left behind, since without them the general posture which things had reached when Robert found Rachael tying up her bundle, could hardly be understood.

When Mrs. Mayfield gave Hickman "the sack," or, as that coarse young man called it, "the bag," she was in a towering passion; and, not being an angel, but a female with decided virtues and abominable faults, she was just now in anything but a Christian temper, and was to all who met her.

The first adventurer was Mr. Casenower; he saw her at a distance, for she had come out of the house, in which she found she could hardly breathe, and came towards her with a face all wreathed in smiles. Mr. Casenower had of late made many tenders of his affection to her, which she had parried, by positively refusing to see anything more than a jest in them; but Casenower, who was perfectly good-humored and light-hearted, had taken no offence at this, nor would he consider this sort of thing a refusal; in short, he told her plainly that it gave him great pleasure to afford her merriment, even at his own expense; only he should not leave off hoping until she took his proposal into serious consideration; that done, and his fate seriously pronounced, he told her she would find he was too much of a gentleman not to respect a lady's will; only, when the final "no" was pronounced he should leave the farm, since he could not remain in it and see its brightest attraction given to another. Here he caught her on the side of her good nature, and she replied, "Well, I am not anybody's yet." She said to herself, "The poor soul seems happy here, with his garden, and his farm of two acres, and his nonsense, and why drive the silly goose away before the time?" So she suspended the final "no," and he continued to offer admiration, and she to laugh at it.

It must be owned, moreover, that she began, at times, to have a sort of humorous terror of this man. A woman knows by experience that it is the fate of a woman not to do what she would like, and to do just what she would rather not, and often, though apparently free, to be fettered by sundry cobwebs, and driven into some unwelcome corner by divers whips of gossip. One day Mesdames Hathorn and Mayfield had looked out of the parlor window into the garden, and there they saw Mr. Casenower, running wildly among the beds, with his hat in his hand.

"What is up now?" said Mrs. Mayfield, scornfully.
"I dare say it is a butterfly," was the answer; "he collects them."
"What a fool he is, Jane."
"He is a good soul for all that."
"Fools mostly are, Jane!" said Mrs. Mayfield, very solemnly.
"Yes, Rose!"
"Look at that man; look at him well, if you please. Of all the men that poster me, that one is the most ridiculous in my eye. Ha! ha! the butterfly has got safe over the wall, I'm so glad!—Jane!"

"Well!"
"You mark my words, I shan't have the butterfly's luck."
"What do you mean?"
"That man is to be my husband! that is all."
"La, Rose, how can you talk so! you know he is the last man you will ever take."

"Of course he is, and so he will take me; I feel he will; I can't bear the sight of him, so he is sure to be the man. You will see! you will see!" and casting on her cousin a look that was a marvellous compound of fun and bitterness, she left the room brusquely, with one savage glance flung over her shoulder into the garden.

I do not say that such misgivings were frequent; this was once in a way; still it was characteristic, and the reader is entitled to it.
Mr. Casenower then came to Mrs. Mayfield, and presented her a clove-pink from his garden; he took off his hat with a flourish, and said, with an innocent, but somewhat silly playfulness, "Accept this, fair lady, in token that some day you will accept the grower."

The gracious lady replied by knocking the pink out of his hand, and saying, "That is how I accept the pair."

Mr. Casenower colored very high, and the water came into his eyes; but Mrs. Mayfield turned her back on him, and frowned into her own house. When there, she felt she had been harsh, and, looking out of the window, she saw poor Casenower standing dejected on the spot where she had left him; she saw him stoop and pick up the pink; he eyed it sorrowfully, placed it in his bosom, and then moved drooping away.

"What a brute I am!" was the Mayfield's first reflection. "I hate you!" was the second.

So then, being discontented with herself, she accumulated bitterness, and in this mood frowned into the garden, for she saw Mrs. Hathorn there. When she reached her, she found that her cousin was looking at Rachael, who was cutting spinach for dinner; while the old corporal, seated at some little distance, watched his granddaughter; and as he watched her, his dim eye lighted every now and then with affection and intelligence.

Mrs. Mayfield did not look at the picture; all she saw was Rachael; and after a few trivial words, she said to Mrs. Hathorn in an undertone, but loud enough to be heard by Rachael, "Are these two going to live with us altogether?"

Mrs. Hathorn did not answer; she colored and cast a deprecating look at her cousin: Rachael rose from her knees, and said to Patrick in an undertone, "The exact counterpart of Mrs. Mayfield's: 'Grandfather, we have been here long enough, come,' and she led him into the house."

There is a dignity in silent, unobtrusive sorrow, and some such dignity seemed to belong to this village girl, Rachael, and to wait upon all she said or did; and this seemed to put everybody in the wrong who did or said anything against her. When she led off her grandfather with those few firm, sad words, in the utterance of which she betrayed no particle of anger or pique, Mrs. Hathorn cast a glance of timid reproach at her cousin, and she herself turned paler directly; but she replied to Mrs. Hathorn's look only by a disdainful toss of the head; and not choosing to talk upon the subject, she frowned in again and shut herself up in her own parlor; there she walked up and down like a little hyena. Presently she caught sight of the old farmer, standing like a statue, near the very place where Robert had left him after announcing his love for Rachael, and his determination to marry no other woman. At sight of the farmer, an idea struck Mrs. Mayfield, "That Hickman is a liar after all; don't let me be too hasty in believing all this about Robert and that girl. I'll draw the farmer."

"I'll draw the farmer!" My refined reader is looking to me to explain the lady's phraseology. That which in country parlance is called "drawing" is an art, O pencil men that have lived thirty or forty years, and done

business in this wicked world, learn to practice it at odd times. Women have not to wait for that; it is born with most of them an instinct, not an art. It works thus: you suspect something, but you don't know; you catch some one who does know, and you talk to him as if you knew all about it. Then, if he is not quite on his guard, he lets out what you wanted to know.

Mrs. Mayfield walked up to Hathorn with a great appearance of unpremeditated wrath, and said to him, "A fine fool you have been making of me, pretending you Robert looked my way, when he is over head and ears in love with that Rachael!"

"Oh!" cried the farmer, "what, the fool has been and told you too!"

"So it is true, then?" cried the Mayfield, sharply.
Machiavel No. 2 saw his mistake too late, and tried to hark back. "No! he is not over head and ears; it is all nonsense and folly; it will pass; you set your back to mine, and we will soon bring the ninny to his senses."

"I back you to force your son my way!" cried Rose in a fury; "what do I care for your son or you either, you old fool! let him marry his Rachael! the donkey will find whether your mock-modest ones are better or worse than the frank ones, ha! ha!"

"Rose," cried the farmer, illuminated with sudden hope; "if you know anything against her, you tell me, and I'll tell Robert."

"No!" said she, throwing up her nose into the air in a manner pretty to behold, "I am no scandal-monger, it is your affair not mine; let him marry his Rachael, ha! ha! oh!" and off she went, laughing with malice and choking with vexation.

There now remained to insult only Robert and Mrs. Hathorn. But the virago was afraid to scold Mrs. Hathorn, who she knew would burst out crying at the first hard word, and then she would have to beg the poor soul's pardon; and Robert she could not find just then. Poor fellow! at this very moment he was writhing under Hickman's insinuations, and tearing his own heart to pieces in his efforts to tear Rachael from it.

So the Mayfield ran up stairs to her own bedroom, and locked herself in, for she did not want sense, and she began to see and feel that she was hardly safe to be about.

Meantime Rachael had come to take leave of Mrs. Hathorn; that good lady remonstrated, but feebly; she felt that there would never be peace now till the poor girl was gone; but she insisted upon one thing; the old man in his weak state should not go on foot.

"You are free to go or stay for me, Rachael," said she, "but if you go, I will not have any harm come to the poor old man within ten miles of this door."

So to get away, Rachael consented to take a horse and cart of the farmer's, and this is how it came about that Robert found Rachael tying up her bundle of clothes. Her tears fell upon her little bundle as she tied it.

CHAPTER V.

ROBERT HATHORN had found in Hickman's insinuation a natural solution of all that had puzzled him in Rachael. She was the deserted mistress of a man whom she still loved; acting on this he had apologized to his father, and placed his future fate with heart-sick indifference in that father's hands, and had despaired of the female sex, and resigned all hope of heart-happiness in this world. But all this time Rachael had been out of sight. She stood now before him in person, and the sight of her, beautiful, retiring, submissive, sorrowful, smote his heart and bewildered his mind. Looking at her, he could not see the possibility of this creature having ever been Hickman's mistress. He accused himself of having been too hasty; he would have given worlds to recall the words that had made his father so happy, and was even on the point of leaving the kitchen to do so; but on second thoughts he determined to try and learn from Rachael herself whether there was any truth in Hickman's scandal, and if there was, to think of her no more.

"What are you doing, Rachael?"
"I am tying up my things to go, Master Robert."
"To go?"

"Yes! we have been a burden to your mother some time; still, as I did the work of the house, I thought my grandfather would not be so very much in the way; but I got a plain hint from Mrs. Mayfield just now."

"Confound her!"
"No, sir! we are not to forget months of kindness for a moment of ill-humor. So I am going, Mr. Robert, and now I have only to thank you for all your kindness and civility. We are very grateful, and wish we could make a return; but that is not in our power. But grandfather is an old man near his grave, and he shall pray for you by name every night, and so will I; so then, as we are very poor and have no hopes but heaven, it is to be thought the Almighty will hear us and bless you sleeping and waking for being so good to the unfortunate."

Robert hid his face in his hands a moment; this was the first time she had ever spoken to him so warmly and so sweetly, and at what a moment of dark suspicion did these words come to him. Robert recovered himself, and said to Rachael, "Are you sure that is the real cause of your leaving us so sudden?"
Rachael looked perplexed. "Indeed, I think so, Mr. Robert. At least I should not have gone this very day but for that."

"Ah! but you know very well you had made up your mind to go before that?"
"Of course, I looked to go, some day; we don't belong here, grandfather and I."

"That is not it, either. Rachael, there is an ill report sprung up about you."
"What is that, sir?" said Rachael, with apparent coldness.

"What is it? How can I look in your face and say anything to wound you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Robert. I am glad there is one that is inclined to show me some respect."

"Do something for me in return, dear Rachael; tell me your story, and I'll believe your way of telling it, and not another's; but if you will tell me nothing, what can I do but believe the worst, impossible as it seems. Why are you so sorrowful? Why are you so cold like?"

"I have nothing to tell you, Mr. Robert; if any one has maligned me, may Heaven forgive them; if you believe them, forget me. I am going away. Out of sight, out of mind."

"What! can a girl like you, that has won all our respects, go away and leave scandal behind her? No! stay, and face it out, and let us put it down forever."

"Why should I trouble myself to do that, sir?"
"Because if you do not, those who love you can love you no more."

Rachael sighed, but she wrapped herself in her coldness, and replied, "But I want no one to love me."

"You don't choose that any one should ever marry you, then?"
"No, Mr. Robert, I do not."

"You would not answer Richard Hickman so!"
"Richard Hickman!" said Rachael, turning pale.

When she turned pale, Robert turned sick.

"He says as much as that you could not say 'No' to him."
"Richard Hickman speaks of me to you!" cried Rachael, opening her eyes wildly. Then in a moment she was ice again. "Well, I do not speak of him!"

"Rachael," cried Robert, "what is all this? For heaven's sake, be frank with me. Don't make me tear the words out of you so; give me something to believe, or something to forgive. I should believe anything you told me: I am afraid I should forgive anything you had done."

"I do not ask you to do either, sir."

"She will drive me mad!" cried Robert, frantically. "Rachael, hear me. I love you more than a woman was ever loved before! You talk of being grateful to me. I don't know why you should, but you say so. If you are, be generous, be merciful! I leave it to you. Be my wife! I then, perhaps, you will not look your heart and your story from your husband. I cannot believe ill of you. You may have been maligned, or you may have been deceived, but you cannot be guilty. There!" cried he, wildly, "no word but one! Will you be my wife, Rachael?"

Rachael did not answer, at least in words; she wept silently.

Robert looked at her despairingly. At last he repeated his proposal almost fiercely, "I ask you, Rachael, will you be my wife?"

As he repeated this question who should stand in the doorway but Mrs. Mayfield. She was transfixed, petrified, at these words of Robert; but, being a proud woman, her impulse was to withdraw instantly, and hear no more. Ere she was out of hearing, however, Rachel replied.

"Forgive me, Mr. Robert, I must refuse you."
"You refuse to be my wife?"
"I do, sir!" but still she wept.

Mrs. Mayfield, as she retreated, heard the words, but did not see the tears. Robert saw the tears, but could not understand them. He gave a hasty, despairing gesture, to show Rachael that he had no more to say to her, and then he flung himself into a chair, and laid his brow on the table. Rachael glided softly away. At the door she looked back on Robert, with her eyes thick with tears. She had hardly been gone a minute when Rose Mayfield returned, and

came in and sat gently down opposite Robert, and watched him intently, with a countenance in which the most opposite feelings might be seen struggling for the mastery.

CHAPTER VI.

ROBERT lifted his head, and saw Mrs. Mayfield. He spoke to her sullenly. "So you turn away our servants!"

"Not I," replied Mrs. Mayfield, sharply.
"It is not we that send away Rachael, it is you."
"I tell you no; do you believe that girl before me?"

"You affronted her. What had she done to you?"
"I only just asked her how long she meant to stay here, or something like that. Hang me if I remember what I said to her! They are a bad breed all these girls; haughty and spiteful; you can't say a word, but they snap your head off." Mrs. Mayfield said no more, for at that moment Rachael came into the room with her grandfather and Mrs. Hathorn, who appeared to be smoothing matters down.

"No, Daddy Patrick," said she, in answer to some observation of the old man's, "nobody sends you away; you leave us good friends, and you are going to drink a cup of ale with us before you go."

A tray was then brought and a jug of ale, and Patrick drank his mug of ale slowly; but Rachael put hers to her lips and set it down again.

Then Robert went and sat on the window-seat, and there he saw them bringing round the wagon to carry away Rachael and her grandfather. His heart turned dead-sick within him. He looked round for help, and looking round he saw Mrs. Mayfield bending on him a look in which he seemed to read some compassion, blended with a good deal of pique. In his despair he appealed to her: "There, they are really going; is it fair to send away like that folk that have behaved so well, and were minded to go of themselves only mother asked them to stay? See how that makes us look; and you that were always so kind-hearted, Mrs. Mayfield. Rose, dear Rose!"

Mrs. Mayfield did not answer Robert, whose appeal was made to her in an undertone; but she said to Mrs. Hathorn: "Jane, the house is yours; keep them if it suits you, I am sure it is no business of mine."

"O, thank you, Rose!" cried Robert; but his thanks were cut short by the voice of the elder Hathorn, who had just come in from the yard. "They are going," said he; "I make no complaint against them. There is no ill-will on either side; but I say they ought to go, and go they shall."

"Go they shall!" said the old corporal, with a mystified look.

The farmer spoke with a firmness and severity, and even with a certain dignity; and all felt he was not in a mood to be trifled with.

Robert answered humbly, "Father, you are master here—no one gainsays you; but you are a just man. If you were to be cruel to the poor and honest, you would be sorry for it all your days."

Before the farmer could answer, Rose Mayfield put in hastily, "There, bid them stay—you see your son holds to the girl, and you will have to marry them one day or other, and so best—that will put an end to all the nonsense they talk about the boy and me. I dare say Robert is fool enough to think I wanted him for myself."

"I, Mrs. Mayfield?—never. What makes you fancy that?"
"And," cried Mrs. Mayfield, as if a sudden light broke in upon her, "what are we doing here? we can't help folk's hearts. Robert loves her. Are we to persecute Robert, an innocent lad, that never offended one of us, and has been a good son to you, and a good friend and brother to me ever since we could walk? I think the devil must have got into my heart; but I shall turn him out, whether he likes or no. I say he shall have the girl, old man; and more than that, I have got a thousand pounds loose in Wallingford bank; they shall have it to stock a farm; it is little enough to give Robert—I owe him more than that for Uxmoor, let alone years of love and good-will. There now, he is going to cry, I suppose. Bob, don't cry, for Heaven's sake; I can't abide to see a man cry."

"It is you make me, Rose, praising me just when everybody seemed to turn against me."

"You are crying yourself, Rose," whimpered Mrs. Hathorn.
"If I am, I don't feel it," replied Mrs. Mayfield.

Rachael trembled,—but she said in her low, firm voice, "We are going away of our own accord, Mistress Mayfield, and we thank you kindly for this, and for all,—but we are going away."

"You don't love Robert, then?"
"No, Mrs. Mayfield," said Rachael, with the air of one confessing theft or sacrilege, "I don't love Mr. Robert!" and she lowered her eyes with their long lashes, and awaited her sentence.

"Tell that to the men," replied Rose, "you can't draw the wool over a sister's eye, young lady."

"The young woman is the only one among you that has a grain of sense," said old Hathorn roughly. "Why don't you let her alone,—she would thank you for it."

"Can you read a woman's words, you old ass?" was the contemptuous answer.

"I am not an ass, young woman," said Hathorn, gravely and sternly, "and I am in my own house, which you seem to forget,"—Rose colored up to the eyes,—and I am the master of it, so long as it is your pleasure I should be here."

"John!" cried Mrs. Hathorn, with a deprecating air.

"And I am that young man's father, and it is his duty to listen to me, and mine not to let him make a fool of himself. I don't pretend to be so particular as Robert is,—used to be, I mean,—and I was telling him only yesterday, that suppose you have kicked over the traces a bit, as you have never broken your knees, least ways to our knowledge, Rose, it did not much matter."

"Thank you, Daddy Hathorn; much obliged to you, I am sure."
"But there's reason in roasting of eggs; this one has been off the course altogether, and therefore I say again, she shows sense by going home, and you show no sense by trying to keep her here."

"Father," said Robert, "you go too far; we know nothing against Rachael, and till I know I won't believe anything."

"Why, Bob, I thought Hickman had told you all about it,—I understood him so,—say, and he must too, or why did you come to me in the yard and eat humble pie?"

"I don't know what you mean by telling me all about it, father: he hinted as much as that he and Rachael had been too familiar once upon a time."

"Well?"

"Well! how often has he told the same lie of a dozen others? that is a common trick of Dick Hickman's, to pretend he has been thick with a girl, that perhaps does not know his face from Adam's. Father, I can't believe a known liar's tongue, against such a face as that."

"Face as that! It is a comely one, but seems to me it does not look us so very straight in the face just now: and there's more than a liar's tongue on 't'other side, there's chapter and verse, as the saying is."

"I don't understand your hints, and I don't believe that blackguard's. I am not so old as you, but I have learned that truth does not lie in hints."

"I'm older than you, and a woman's face can't make me blind and deaf to better witnesses."

"There are no better witnesses! For shame, father! Hickman is no authority with Hathorn."

"But the Parish Register is an authority," said the old man, sternly, and losing all his patience.

"The Parish Register!"

"And if you look at the Parish Register of Long Compton, you will find the name of a child she is the mother of, and no father to show."

"Father!"

"Ask herself!—you see she doesn't deny it."

All eyes turned and fastened upon Rachael; and those who saw her at this moment will carry her face and her look to their graves, so fearful was the anguish of a high spirit, ground into the dust and shame; her body seemed that moment to be pierced with a hundred poisoned arrows. She rose white to her very lips, and stood in the midst of them quivering like an aspen-leaf, her eyes preternaturally bright and large, and she took one uncertain step forwards, as if to fling herself on the weapons of scorn that seemed to hem her in; and she opened her mouth to speak, but her open lips trembled, and trembled, and no sound came. And all the hearts round, even the old farmer's, began now to freeze and fear at the sight of this wild agony; and at last, after many efforts, the poor soul would have said something, God knows what, but a sudden and most unexpected interruption came. Corporal Patrick was by her side, nobody saw how; and seizing her firmly by the arm, he forbade her to speak.

"Silence, girl!" cried the old soldier, fiercely. "I dare you to say a word to any of them!"

Then Rachael turned and clung convulsively to his shoulder, and trembled and writhed there in silence. All this while they had not observed the old man, or they would have seen that the mist had gradually cleared away from his faculties; his mind, brightened by his deep love for Rachael, was keenly awake to all that concerned her; and so her old champion stood in a moment

states, five hundred natives employed on the work ; and the colonel expresses his surprise and gratification at the success which has attended thus far the employment of the native laborers.



PRIVATE INSTITUTE FOR IMBECILES, HARLEM, N. Y.—JAMES B. RICHARDS, ESQ., PRINCIPAL.

PROFESSOR RICHARDS' PRIVATE INSTITUTE FOR IMBECILES, IN HARLEM, NEW YORK.

JAMES B. RICHARDS, Esq., the principal of the private school for imbeciles recently established near this city, is a gentleman whom we take great pleasure in commending to the favorable consideration of our readers. Our acquaintance with him dates back twenty years, to the classic shades of Andover, where we delved together among Greek roots and the Latin fathers. He was born in the island of Ceylon, India, his father being well known to the Christian world as the first leading missionary sent out there by the board of Foreign missions. All the noble traits of character as well as the commanding talents of the father are fully reproduced in the son. He is one of those very few exemplary Christians whose piety is genuine, cheerful and unobtrusive, and which secures the respect even of those whose hump of reverence is not large. Unlike the Pharisees of the present day, he does not proclaim it at the corners of the street, and it is exhibited in his daily walks, not in loud-mouthed professions. As a scholar, he always held the very front rank, and after his graduation he was a most successful teacher of mathematics in the first school of the city of Boston. Eight years since he turned his attention to his present vocation, having been appointed assistant Professor of the Idiotic Asylum of Massachusetts. The great reputation achieved by him there induced him to start the "Pennsylvania Training School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Children" and undertake the charge of that institution. For three years he was principal of that school, and his annual reports—model documents in their way—are highly interesting and instructive. The following correspondence between himself and many of our best citizens will explain why he has established himself among us:

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, New York, April 30, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: Having heard that you were thinking of establishing in this city or vicinity an Institute for Imbeciles, I venture to express my earnest hope that you will carry out such an undertaking.

It is some years since this present acquaintance with you, and the reports of institutions in which you have been engaged elsewhere—of like character with that projected here—that my deepest interest was excited for the most forlorn class of human beings for whose improvement you were laboring, and my grateful admiration of the self-denying, gentle, persevering, and surprisingly successful efforts in their behalf to which you have consecrated your life. Hence I much desire that this city should be the scene of your labors, and



TAKEN AFTER BEING IN THE SCHOOL THREE YEARS.

cannot doubt that you will find here, where no well-considered form of benevolence appeals in vain, abundant support and encouragement in that enterprise, which, as we are human, concerns us all.

With great regard, yours, very truly,

CHARLES KING.

Mr. J. B. Richards.

TO JAMES B. RICHARDS, Esq.—Sir: Hearing that you have left the School for Idiots in Pennsylvania, of which you have had for some time past the direction, with the intention of opening a similar one elsewhere, we take this method of expressing our earnest wish that you may find sufficient inducement to establish it in the city of New York.

Of the system of treatment by which not only the mental but the physical powers are developed and strengthened, in that peculiar department of education to which you have devoted your exertions, we think most highly, deeming it one of the most important discoveries of the age. We entertain a favorable opinion of the capacity and skill with which you conduct its practical application, and hope that the benefit of your talents and experience may be secured for this populous city, where so many subjects of your useful and humane labors will be found.

We are, sir, with great respect, your obedient servants,
Valentine Mott, M. D., Lewis A. Sayre, M. D., John W. Francis, M. D., Millard Parker, M. D., John S. Griscom, M. D., D. T. Brown, M. D., Peter Cooper, William C. Bryant, William Hall, James H. Titus, Gerard Hallock, Henry W. Bellows, Stephen Wm. Smith, W. Adams.

Bloomington Asylum for the Insane,
New York, May 8, 1856.

GERMANTOWN, May 13, 1856.

TO THE HON. CHARLES KING, WILLIAM C. BRYANT, AND OTHERS,
OF NEW YORK CITY.

GENTLEMEN: Yours of May 5th is before me. I am glad to find that the successful treatment of imbeciles in this country and in

Europe has so far attracted the attention of your community as to call for the establishment of an institution for this class of persons in your midst.

I am aware that there must be many who will not be likely to avail themselves of the advantages of the State asylum for idiots at Syracuse, which has been so generously endowed by your legislature, and so successfully conducted by Dr. Wilbur.

It is therefore with pleasure that I accept of your very kind invitation, and will open as soon as practicable, in some healthful and pleasant location, a private family school, for the teaching and training of such cases of physical and mental imbecility as cannot be developed by the ordinary methods.

From observations made during a visit to similar institutions in Europe, in 1848, and the experience had during my connection with the Massachusetts State school, for the three years of its infancy, (which school owes its origin and present success mainly to the influence of Dr. Howe,) as well as that gathered in originating and managing the Pennsylvania training school for idiotic and feeble-minded children, has proved to me beyond a question that much, very much can be done towards arousing the intellects of this class of children, and bringing them more nearly to a healthful, normal condition, provided their education be commenced at a sufficient early age.

The spark of intelligence is there; buried it may be beneath such a load of physical deformities or feebleness of mental organization, or functional derangement, as to make it impossible that it should ever see the light, unless some earnest person who thoroughly understands the nature of the obstacles to be overcome and character of the mind with which he is to deal, will take them gently yet firmly by the hand, and lead them out of the maze in which they have been completely lost.

As my future course and plans for my school will be somewhat influenced by the number of applications, I hope that parents or guardians having imbecile, backward or feeble-minded children, who desire to avail themselves of such an opportunity, will do so at once.

Notes, for the present, may be sent to the care of Stephen William Smith, Esq., No. 50 Maiden Lane, New York city, where they will receive my attention. Very respectfully yours,

JAMES B. RICHARDS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PORTRAITS.

This was, without doubt, a case of congenital Idiocy: although his imbecility was very much aggravated by the extremely injudicious course that was pursued with him during the early period of



TAKEN AFTER BEING IN THE SCHOOL SIX MONTHS.



TAKEN AFTER BEING IN THE SCHOOL TWELVE MONTHS.

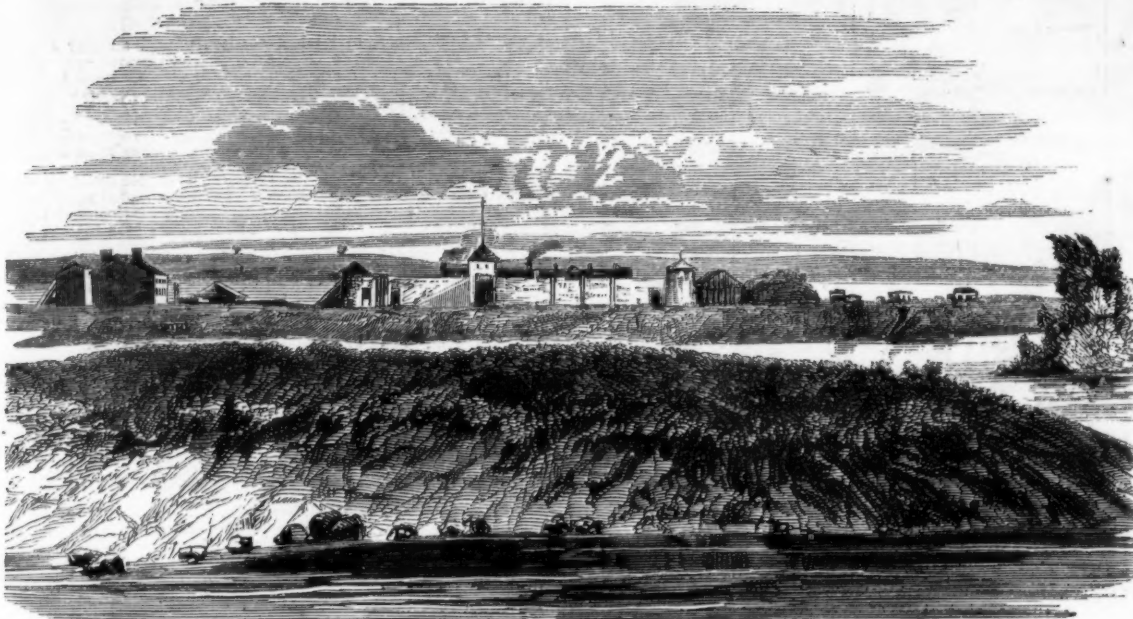
His infancy. When he first came under my observation, he was one of the most hopeless and degraded creatures that could be found: Presenting to the bodily eye, dressed as he was in his red flannel gown, and lying upon the floor in his own excrements, extremely feeble claims to being called a human being. He had not learned to creep, nor had he even strength sufficient to roll himself upon the floor when laid upon it. Owing to a paralysis of the lower limbs, they were insensible to pain. Mastication, with him, was entirely out of the question. His mother told me that she used to feed him almost exclusively on milk, purchasing for him, as she said, a gallon per day. Although five and a half years of age, he had not, apparently, any more knowledge of things, their names, or uses, than a new-born infant. In fact, the only sense that seemed to be awake in the least to external influences, even for a time, was that of hearing, and this only when some lively air was whistled or played upon a musical instrument. This being the LOWEST case that could be found to test the feasibility of the plan to develop and educate Idiotic and Imbecile children, it was thought best to undertake his training, although it seemed more like a work of creation than of education. The most sanguine friends of the cause threw discouragements in the way. Yet, by a patient and persevering system of well-directed effort, he has been so far developed, that at the present time he walks about the house or in the yard without any assistance; takes care of himself; attends to his own immediate wants; sits at the table with the family, and feeds himself as well as children ordinarily do; talks perfectly well, and is acquainted with the things around him. In short, he has learned to read, and does not differ materially in his usual habits from a lad of four years of age, unless it be that he is more sluggish in his movements. Judging from the above case, and the numerous ones that have fallen under my observation during the past few years, I doubt whether one can be found so low as to be beyond the reach of improvement, provided his instruction and training be commenced at an early age.

JAMES B. RICHARDS.

We subjoin a few extracts from Professor Richards' reports, and regret that our space will not permit us to give full particulars of many individual cases, which are replete with interest:



LARAMIE'S PEAK, NEAR FORT LARAMIE, NEBRASKA TERRITORY.



FORT LARAMIE, NEBRASKA TERRITORY, MILITARY ROAD TO OREGON.

"The points in the training of these children are so numerous and minute, and are necessarily so varied, day by day, as to render it impossible to make a record of them. They can, however, be given with sufficient exactness to enable one to form a tolerably correct idea of the regular routine of the school. At the ringing of the bell in the morning—which in summer occurs at five, and in winter at six o'clock—every child is required, when practicable, to rise, and wash, and dress himself with neatness. Those who cannot do so readily at first, are assisted a little, day by day, and gradually taught to do it for themselves. The dressing properly is one of the first things to be learned. Breakfast is at six o'clock in summer, and at seven o'clock in winter. At this, as well as at all other meals, the child is taught how to demean himself, and how to prepare his food and eat with propriety. And this leads me to say here, that it is of the greatest importance for the child to learn to masticate his food well—not merely with a view to its assisting digestion, but to call into action the lingual muscles, and thus prepare the child who has not learned to talk, so that he shall have the power to vocalize his ideas, when he shall have them to express. Experience has shown that mastication precedes articulation. Breakfast being over, the children are all required to take exercise in the open air from eight to nine o'clock; from nine till half-past eleven they are in the school-room. The usual exercises are, reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, for the more advanced, and vocal, as well as physical gymnastics, with the learning of names and properties belonging to the things around them, for those less advanced. The dinner hour is at twelve. From two until half-past three the children are again in school. The exercises are similar to those of the morning, with the addition of sewing and knitting for the girls and a few of the smaller boys. Some of the girls also receive instruction in the lighter departments of housework. From half-past three until half-past five the children exercise in the open air. Supper is at six. At seven o'clock in winter, and at half-past seven in summer, the younger pupils retire for the night. The elder ones retire at eight o'clock in winter, and at nine in summer. It will be perceived that we consider it essential for these children to have an abundance of sleep—more than usually allowed for children in the full vigor of life. As a general thing, after a little training, every pupil sleeps quietly through the night. The above will show that the drilling is by no means confined to the school-room, but extends to the table, the play-room, the nursery, and in fact to every action of the child's life. This drilling must be varied from time to time, to meet the necessities of each case, so as to help to form or develop them physically, mentally, morally and socially. They have enjoyed a remarkable degree of health, especially when it is considered that so many of them entered the Institution with feeble and sickly constitutions. The community will, I hope, soon learn that the training of imbeciles is not a miracle to be effected in a moment, but that the process is an exceedingly slow and tedious one, requiring patience, perseverance, and, above all, time, to correct the bad habits the child has acquired, and to arouse in him sentiments of duty and affection, thereby bringing him to a consciousness of himself. This, I say, takes time; and parents must not expect that the child whom they have been trying in various ways to develop, and finally given up as utterly hopeless, when brought to us will suddenly be made to assume the faculties of a child of a highly developed organization."

"A little girl from Montgomery county, admitted during the early part of last summer, was so timid when she first came to us, that she would crouch away when looked at, as though she had committed some dreadful offence. She preferred to be alone, and for a long time was so unhappy in her new home, that she grew quite thin. I took especial pains to speak kindly to her and pat and caress her; but all to no apparent avail. One day, when my little daughter was brought into the school-room by its nurse, Mary burst out into the most rapturous expressions of joy. She cried and laughed, jumping up and clapping and rubbing her hands in an ecstasy of delight. I called her to me; and as she stood beside that little infant, she was perfectly composed. From that moment her whole life seemed to receive a new impulse; the sentiment of affection, which is always the first to be

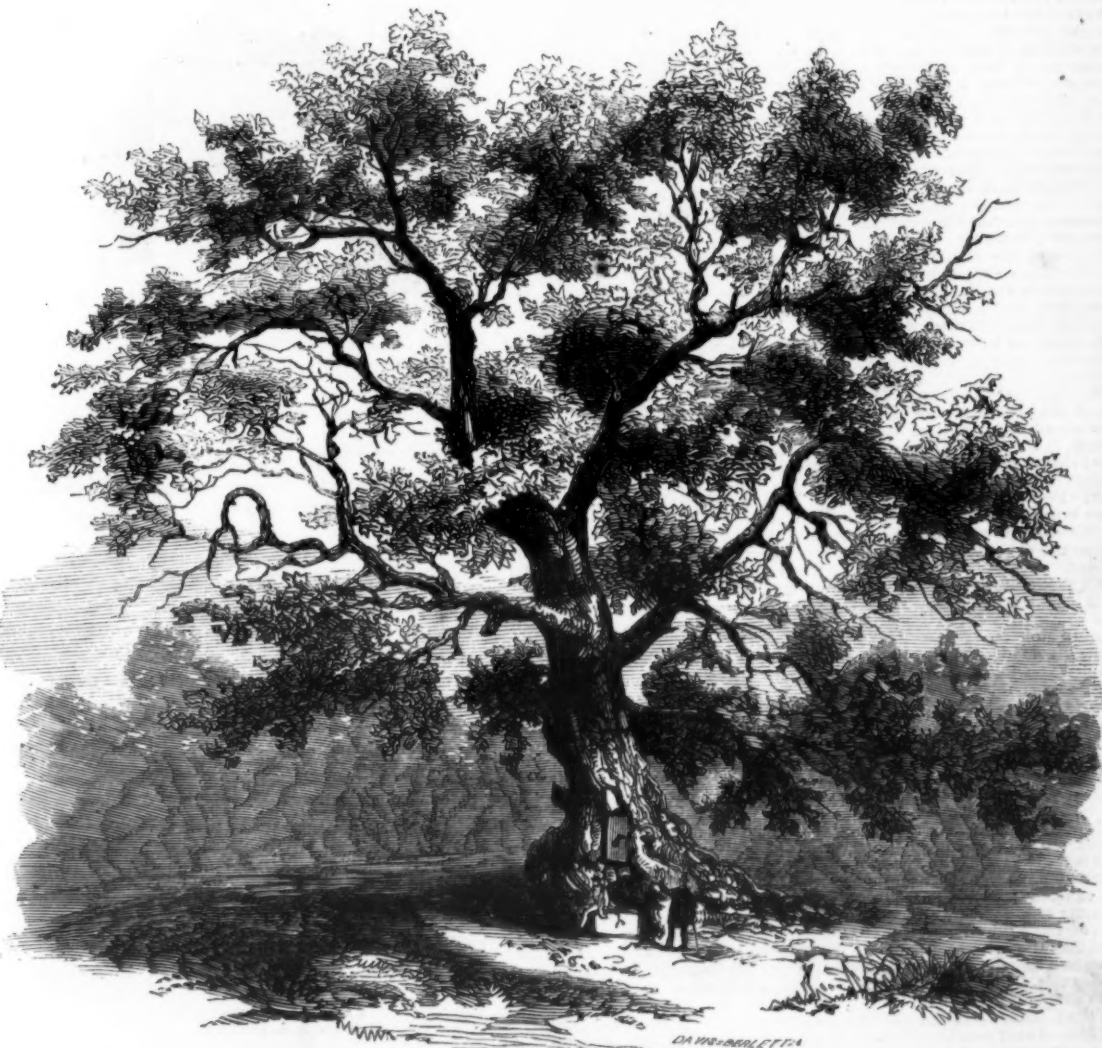
developed in every child, was making its impression upon this little imbecile girl's mind, and laying the foundation of her future improvement, morally and intellectually. The problem,

which had been for some months to me a mystery, now received this most simple yet beautiful solution at the hand of a babe." The speaking face of the boy, which we have illustrated, is more eloquent in praise of Mr. Richards' skill and untiring patience than volumes of words. In his report of similar cases he says: "The moral and intellectual training of such a boy is not to be accomplished at once. And parents must not mistake the commencement of the work for its completion. They are very apt to do so, and wonder how much longer it will be necessary for their child to remain at the Institution. And here let me say to parents generally who have imbecile children, that so far as our experience goes, (and we have had the charge of such children more than six years,) it will be of little use for them ever to place their children under a course of systematic training similar to ours, unless they have determined that the child shall remain in the Institution at least two or three years. This is probably the shortest time in which any permanent good can be effected. This case will also serve for encouragement to those parents who may think their children altogether too hopeless to receive benefit from such a school. Let me assure them that I never yet, during my whole intercourse with these unfortunates, found one too low for improvement—and I have often seen cases that might have been materially improved had they been taken in season—while the distress of parents who have held their children back on account of their tender age, has often called forth our deepest sympathy. The age at which children should be admitted can hardly be too early; indeed we would be glad to see half-a-score or more of infants in our nursery, while none should be admitted after twelve or fourteen years of age."

Professor Richards had fourteen cases in his school in Pennsylvania. Out of these fourteen, at the time they entered the school, two could not walk, two could not feed themselves, ten were filthy in their habits, nine could do but little towards dressing themselves, four were either absolutely or in effect, dumb, two had the power to articulate a few words, eleven had no knowledge of letters, and one was entirely blind.

Who would not despair in undertaking so apparently hopeless a task? And yet they were all benefitted to a degree that could only be appreciated by reading the whole report. Cases tending to insanity and epilepsy can be cured, and the St. Vitus dance was treated with success.

The task of teaching these poor children whose minds are clouded in Arctic night, of lifting the dark veil which shrouds their intellect, of fanning into flame the small spark of human feeling and affection



THE FAMOUS CHARTER OAK, HARTFORD, CONN., AS IT APPEARED AT THE TIME OF ITS FALL.

which an all-wise Providence generally permits to smoulder in the most unfortunate imbecile, is neither pleasant nor easy. With Mr. Richards it is a labor of love. To use his own language, "It is beautiful to look upon these children day by day, and see the smile of intelligence gradually take the place of blank, drivelling idiosyncrasy." He brings to the work a Christian disposition, untiring patience, persevering industry, superior intelligence, and large experience, which eminently qualify him for the trust, and he is most ably seconded by his amiable and accomplished lady in the praiseworthy effort to which they have devoted their lives and their best energies. She is a worthy helpmate of such a husband, and the aroma of her refining and humanizing influence is breathed on all around, and fortunate indeed is it for those parents who are able to place their children under such charge. The house and grounds are situated in a most healthy and eligible location, and everything about the establishment wears an air of neatness and comfort. Already some half-dozen pupils are inmates of this happy family, and we bid these genuine philanthropists God speed in their good work. At no public institution can pupils possibly have such care and attention, because the hearts of Mr. Richards and his wife are in their work. We append extracts from two gubernatorial messages which sufficiently explain themselves.

"By the act of April 7, 1853, was incorporated the 'Pennsylvania Training School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Children.' To this humane and benevolent purpose, the Legislature, with the liberality which has ever distinguished the State since the time of her illustrious and pure-minded founder, has extended a helping hand. The object of this institution is to discover humanity in its lowest condition of mental and physical weakness and deformity, and elevate it to the dignity of intelligence, order and usefulness. Its disinterested and benevolent founders have merited the thanks of the Christian and patriot."—Gov. Bigler's Annual Message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, January, 1854.

"The Asylum for the Training and Education of Idiotic and Imbecile Children has, during the last year, continued its successful progress, and has invigorated the hopes and confirmed the expectations of those citizens who had faith in the power of discipline to develop the faculties of this hapless class. The gradual advance from the lowest degrees of imbecility to a capacity for self-control, and for the acquisition of the ordinary branches of an English education, has been as remarkable as it has been encouraging. Numerous applications from every quarter of the State, for the admission of State pupils, have been unsuccessful, in consequence of the want of room for their accommodation."—Gov. Seymour's Annual Message to the Legislature of New York, 1854.

LARAMIE'S PEAK

Is a remarkable mountain rising suddenly from the plain, and attracting attention from its great height, and also from its isolated grandeur. The poor emigrant, toil-worn, sees this lone sentinel rising its snow-capped head from the surrounding plains, and indulges an idea that he is at its base. For days and days he travels on, and finds the mighty pyramid seemingly moving before him, and at last he passes it by to his left, still in solitude, reverberating its echoes in reply to the white man's shouts. Considering the rapid advance of our population and the facilities of travel afforded by steam, it is not problematical that not many years hence a crowded population will fill up the country of the Platte, and that Laramie's Peak will stand guard over the bustle of thriving towns, and be a summer resort for the enervated denizens who nestle in the valleys below.

FORT LARAMIE,

ON THE OREGON ROAD, NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

This fort, situated on the Platte river, fork of the Laramie, is a place that will long be remembered by emigrants passing from our Atlantic to our Pacific coast. Formerly this was an obscure station, but recent events—our troubles with the Indians of Oregon—have brought it into notice, more particularly as the headquarters of Gen. Harney, while engaged in punishing the neighboring tribes of Indians, who had been instigated to war upon the whites by unprincipled renegades from the Atlantic States. At this point the emigrants cross the river, which is often swollen by the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, forming a very serious obstacle, causing the loss of baggage, cattle, and, in some instances, that of human life. At present there is established a ferry, which proves a great accommodation, and while it benefits the public, is making a fortune for its proprietors.

THE CHARTER OAK.

This "old, familiar tree," "whose glory and renown" are as household words to every school-boy, must be so well known to our readers as to need no particular mention here. The great event to which it owes its name, has passed into history. After a long and flourishing life, in the course of which it had successfully resisted the storms of winters and that *edax rerum*, the tooth of time, it finally succumbed to the recent tornado which swept over that portion of the State. The citizens of Hartford exhibited the profoundest emotions on the occasion of the untimely end of their venerable forest-patriarch, carrying off pieces of the wood to be converted into canes, snuff-boxes, etc., as relics of the tree, instead of manufacturing from them an outfit for a score of Connecticut peddlers in the shape of oak haws and wooden nutmegs in accordance with the old legends against the most industrious and best educated people of one of the most thriving States in this Union. The bells were tolled mournfully, a funeral dirge was played by the city band, and the liveliest sensations of grief were displayed over the inanimate remains of the prostrate monarch. But we have already chronicled, in previous numbers of this paper, with great particularity of detail, all the dates and facts connected with this historic incident, and will not recapitulate them. Our engraving is from an original drawing, made by Mr. H. G. Holcomb, one of our own artists, whom we sent to Hartford for this express purpose, only a short time prior to the fall of the tree. It is the very latest portrait, taken of the living Charter Oak, and therefore possesses a value that increases with years. The following incidents are worthy of being recorded in this connection. This noble old tree stood upon the beautiful grounds of Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, late the Wyllis' estate, in the southern part of the city. About three years ago some boys built a fire in the hollow of this tree, which burnt out the punk, and though it was feared that this would kill it, such was not the fact. Fresh sprouts sprung out the next spring, and Mr. Stuart took great pains to preserve this valued relic of the original forests to New England, but more especially interesting as the tree in which the old British charter of Connecticut was secreted and preserved. At this time the hollow in the trunk of the old oak was so large that a fire-company of twenty-seven full grown men stood up in it together. Before Governor Wyllis came to America he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful "Wyllis place," a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old-hollow oak. They declared that it had "been the guide of their ancestors for centuries." It was spared, to fall this day, having finally yielded to the process of natural decay. On the 31st of October, 1837, Sir Edmund Andross, attended by members of his council, and a body guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy, but coldness. He entered the Assembly room, and publicly demanded the charter. Remonstrances were made, and the session was protracted till evening. The Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The charter was brought in and laid upon the table. Sir Edmund thought that the last moment of the colony had come, when suddenly the lights were all put out, and total darkness followed. There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet. The candles were again lighted, but the charter was gone! Sir Edmund Andross was disconcerted. He declared the government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. Whilst he was doing this, Captain Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those times, was concealing the charter in the hollow of Wyllis' oak, now known as the Charter Oak. In 1689 King James abdicated, and on the 9th of May of that year Gov. Treat and his associate officers established the government of Connecticut under the charter which had been

preserved in the old hollow oak. Mr. Stuart had Colt's armory band come up after its fall, and play solemn dirges for two hours over the trunk of the fallen monarch of the forest. He is a generous-hearted man—a worthy proprietor of the lovely hill-side that nurtured for centuries such a noble tree.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

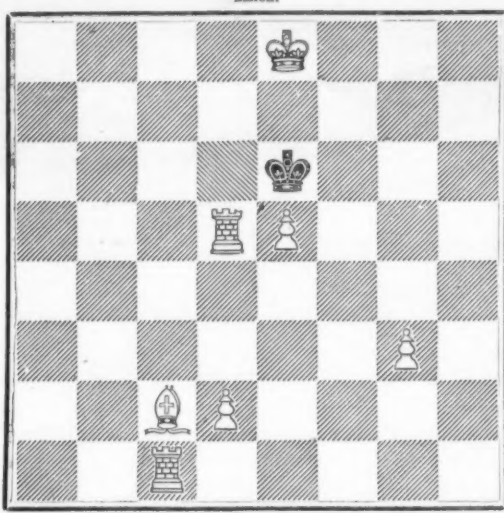
J. A. P., Salem, Mass.—Your "Morale of Chess" is received and will be published when we can make room for it. Your problems will have attention—when we get a little more spare time than we have just now. This last hint may serve as an explanation to several correspondents who might otherwise think they were neglected. We are tolerably busy with politics about these times. From time to time we will excuse us, we know, and the rest may, perhaps, pity us, after the 15th of November. "A hint is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

TO THE CHIEF EDITOR: Will you have the kindness to inform me what would be the expense of a nice set of chess-men; also the prettiest pattern? What book would you advise a new beginner in chess to use? Any advice you may be willing to give a new beginner will be gratefully received by A. LOVER OF CHESS.

Prices of "nice" chess-men range from three to twelve dollars. R. Bainbridge & Co., 47 Cliff street, make the "Fuller Chess-Men," which, of course, we regard as the best pattern. "Agnel's Book of Chess" is good for a novice, and "Staunton's Handbook" is the best when you get a little advanced. The most beneficial advice we can give you is to study these works diligently, and get some superior player to give you a thorough and constant drilling. The only true way to attain a knowledge of the game is to have it beaten into you, something after the old fashion of the Eton fags when studying the Latin grammar.

Several answers to correspondents are unavoidably crowded out.

PROBLEM XLII.—By N. MARACHE. White to play and mate in four moves.



GAME XLII.—(SICILIAN OPENING.)—The fifth partie of the final match for the "Championship of the New York Club," between Messrs. FERRIN and MARACHE.

WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. M.	WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	27 R to Q 7	B to his 3
2 B to Q B 4	P to K 3	28 R to Q B 7	Q R to Q sq
3 Q Kt to B 3	P to Q R 3	29 B to Q 4	B to Q 4
4 P to Q R 3	P to Q Kt 4	30 R to K Kt 7 (ch)	K to B sq
5 B to K 2 (a)	Q B to Kt 2	31 R takes Kt P (d)	B to K 3
6 K B to his 3 (b)	K Kt to B 3	32 R to K 5	B to K Kt 5
7 P to Q 3	P to Q 4	33 B to his 5 (ch)	K to B 2
8 P takes P	P takes P	34 R takes Q R	R takes R
9 K Kt to K 2	K B to Q 3	35 B to Q 4	R to K sq
10 Q B to K Kt 5	B to K 4	36 R takes R	K takes R
11 Castles	Castles	37 B to K 5	P to K B 6
12 P to K 4	P takes P	38 P to K R 3	B to K 3
13 Kt takes P	Q to her 2 (c)	39 P takes P	P takes P
14 K Kt to K 2	Kt to K 5	40 K to R 2	B to Q 4
15 B takes Kt	P takes B	41 K to Kt 3	K to B 2
16 Q takes Q	Kt takes Q	42 K to B 4	K to his 3
17 Q R to Q sq	Kt to Q B 4	43 P to K R 4	B to Q R sq
18 B to K 7	K R to Q B sq	44 B to Q 4	B to Q 4
19 Q R to Q 2	Kt to K 3	45 K to his 3	K to his B 4
20 K R to Q sq	P to K B 4	46 B to Q Kt 6	K to his 4
21 B to Q 6	B to his 3	47 B to his 7 (ch)	K to his 3
22 K Kt to K B 4	Kt takes Kt	48 K to Q 4	B to Q Kt 2
23 B takes Kt	P to K K 4	49 P to Q 4	K Q 2
24 B to K 3	B takes Kt	50 B to Q Kt 6	P takes P
25 P takes B	P to K B 5	51 K takes P	B to K 5, and
26 B to Q Kt 6	R to K sq		

though the struggle was prolonged some twenty moves, it was ultimately drawn.

NOTES TO GAME XLII.

(a) B to R 2 is the best move at this juncture.
(b) P to Q 4 would have freed his game more.
(c) B to B 2 looks tempting, but would result in black's losing a P at least, as the following variation will show:

WHITE.	BLACK.
13 R takes Kt	Q to B 2
14 B takes P	R takes B (best)
15 B takes P	R to Q or (aa)
16 B takes B	R takes Kt or (bb)
17 Q to K B 5	R to K B 5
18 Q to K 5, and black cannot take B without mate.	

(aa) B takes Kt
R to Q

(bb) B takes Kt
R to R 2

B to K 4, with the advantage of a P.
B to K 4, with a P ahead and the advantage in position. These variations were overlooked by a contemporary, when publishing the game.

(d) White had a striking advantage at this point, and, with care, must have won. We can but say, as we have previously stated, that he lacked in this partie "continuity of effort."

The sixth partie of the final match for the "Championship of the New York Club," between Messrs. FERRIN and MARACHE.

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. F.	WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	12 B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B
2 P to Q 4 (a)	P takes P	13 Kt to K 5 (c)	P to K B 5 (d)
3 Q takes P	Q Kt to B 3	14 Kt takes Kt	P takes B
4 Q home	P to K 3	15 R P takes P (e)	P takes Kt
5 K B to Q 3	K B to Q B 4	16 Q Kt to B 3	Castles
6 K Kt to B 3	K Kt to K 2	17 Kt to K 4	K B to K 2
7 Castles	P to Q 4	18 P to K B 3	Q B to R 3
8 Q B to K B 4	K Kt to his 3	19 K to B 2	Q R to Q sq
9 B to K Kt 3	P takes P	20 K R home	R to Q 6
10 B takes P	Q takes Q	21 R to his 3 (f)	R takes Kt, and
11 R takes Q	P to K B 4 (b)		white surrendered.

NOTES TO THE PRECEDING GAME.

(a) Perhaps the strongest reply for white.
(b) We certainly pronounce this move as premature, for after the different exchanges are made, black remains with an unsupported pawn on the line of Q B.

(c) B to Q 6 would have given white the better position. The move in the text involves him in difficulties, as the sequel will show.

(d) The best move.

(e) A palpable error; why not capture the R at once? Where was the danger? Too much timidity is often the forerunner of reverses at chess. White having the advantage of the "exchange," should have boldly brought his pieces into play.

(f) After this additional blunder, white's game is hopeless. Mr. M. must have been laboring under some strange hallucination to commit himself thus far in so important a match.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA NO. 3, BY NELLIE.

1 Kt to Kt 3 (ch)	2 R to B 5 (disc ch)	3 R to Q Kt 8	4 P takes R (becom'g a B)
K to B 6	Kt interposes	R must take R	R takes Kt
		B to K 5	
		Mate.	

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XLII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to K B 4 (ch)	1 K to K 4
2 P to Q 4 (ch)	2 K takes Kt
3 K to Q B 4	3 P moves
4 Kt to K Kt 6	4 P moves
5 Kt to R 4	5 P moves
6 P takes P Mate.	

GAME BY CORRESPONDENCE.

(MURDO GAMBIT.)

WHITE. Nellie.	BLACK. Editor.
1 Q takes P	1 K B to K R 3

PHILADELPHIA GAMES BY CORRESPONDENCE.

(SICILIAN OPENING.)

WHITE. New York. 18 K R to K	BLACK. Philadelphia.
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It will be seen by the following card, which is printed in a neat form by the Club, that our neighbors over the water have commenced their annual sessions:

BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB,

No. 61 Jerusalem street,

(NEAR NICKS.)

Meetings on Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.

T. FERRER, SECRETARY.

Application for membership may be made to the Secretary. Annual dues five dollars.

DISINFECTANTS.

At this season of the year, the need of disinfectants in numerous portions of the city is obvious to the sense of all. Frequent inquiries are made in relation to the most effective substances to be used to remove the offensive odors, which are perceived even in the most cleanly parts of the city; and I have thought that if every person knew precisely what to use, and manner of using it, there might be a more general use of these substances, and a consequent benefit to the health and comfort of our population. With this view I would present the following prescriptions:

1. One pint of the "Liquor of Chloride of Zinc" in one pailfull of water; and one pound of Chloride of Lime in another pailfull of water. This is perhaps the most effective, theoretically and practically, of any thing that can be used, and when thrown into privy vaults, cesspools, or upon decaying matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors. The cost of these substances is 33 cents.
2. One pound of Sulphate of Zinc, and one pound of Chloride of Lime dissolved separately, each in one pailfull of water. This is not as effectual as the preceding; but will answer a very good purpose. Will cost 20 cents.
3. Three or four pounds of Sulphate of Iron, (Copperas) dissolved in one pailfull of hot water, will in most cases be sufficient to remove all offensive odors from privy vaults, cesspools, &c. Cost three or four cents per pound.
4. One peck of Charcoal dust thrown into a privy vault once a week, will answer every purpose.
5. Chloride of Lime, costing eight cents per pound, is best to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars, and upon heaps of filth.
6. Take two ounces of Sugar of Lead and dissolve it into one pailfull of water, and add two ounces of Nitric Acid (Aqua Fortis.) This forms Nitrate of Lead, which is a good disinfectant, particularly for offensive sink spouts and the like. The cost is very small.

OHIO BANKING.

The Ohio Legislature, at its last session, passed another double-headed banking bill. This law is to be approved or disapproved by the people at the election in October. It provides for a safety-fund system of branches, all governed and guided by a mother institution, called the Bank of Ohio.

This mother sees that the branches of the Bank of Ohio pay up their capital, and organize properly; issues to them circulating notes, all signed by the president and cashier of the mother; receives and manages the safety-fund, which is 10 per cent. on the circulation; and can establish a clearing house in Columbus, or a redemption office in New York.

Branches can be started without limit, on a capital of \$100,000—50 per cent. paid up, except in the following counties, where the capital must be: In Hamilton, \$500,000; and in Cuyahoga, Montgomery, Franklin and Lucas, \$300,000, with 50 per cent. paid up. Every branch must have not less than five nor more than seven directors, all residents of Ohio.

Twenty per cent. only of their circulation can be in one, two and three dollar notes. Fifteen per cent. of the circulation must be kept in coin, and fifteen per cent. more in its equivalent—deposits subject to sight drafts in Boston, New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore, being made an equivalent. Branches must make monthly reports, and stockholders are individually liable.

Circulation can be issued on capital as follows:

- On the 1st \$100,000 capital paid up, 2 to 1.
- On the 2d \$100,000 capital paid up, 1½ to 1.
- On the 3d \$100,000 capital paid up, 1¼ to 1.
- On the 4th \$100,000 capital paid up, 1¼ to 1.
- On all the capital above \$400,000 paid up, 1 to 1.

The first directors of the mother institution are: W. W. Scarborough, of Cincinnati; F. T. Backus, of Cleveland; C. N. Olds, of Circleville; J. R. Finn, of Columbus; S. Furrer, Dayton.

The other head of this law is simply the free banking system, requiring one-half as much capital as the branches of the Bank of Ohio, and requiring their notes to be secured by the stocks of the United States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, Michigan, or Massachusetts, deposited with the State Treasurer. In all cases, such stocks must be at least one-half United States or Ohio; and in no case can stocks be taken except the interest is fully and regularly paid. This shuts out Illinois stocks, until she shall have provided for her interest in full.

GRAND TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.

We give on our last page a striking and faithful representation of this grand Democratic celebration. It took place on the evening of Tuesday, September 9, and it afforded a brilliant occasion for the filling of our streets with enthusiastic and admiring throngs of spectators. The number in the procession is by some stated as high as 35,000. Broadway was in a blaze with the Drummond light and banners, and transparencies, and rockets, and fire-works. But all things were well conducted, and there was no disturbance, except that of the cheers and shouts which made the welkin ring. Capt. Isaiah Rynders, President of the Empire Club, shone with his hickory baton as the Grand Marshal.

Over the street in front of National Hall, the headquarters of the Club, was a canvas banner elegantly painted with the device:

"Fidelity to the Union and the Constitution."

"Headquarters [American Eagle] Empire Club."

For President,

James Buchanan of Pennsylvania.

For Vice President,

John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

The procession was headed by the drummer boy of Santa Rosa and the banner guard of the Empire Club. Near the drummer a transparency was carried with the words:

"Bill Johnson, the Drummer Boy at the battle of Santa Rosa, Nicaragua."

Capt. Rynders was mounted on a splendid white charger, with housings and saddle cloth of gold; he grasped the hickory baton, and wore the buck tail in his beaver.

The banner in advance was a splendid work of art, beautifully arranged. A liberty cap two feet in height, of crimson velvet, surrounded with a circle of thirty-one stars, crowned the pole; beneath this was the shield of the Union barred with white and red. Its supporters were two eagles bearing the motto, "Union and Victory," emblazoned on streamers of red, white and blue.

Below this was the banner bearing the inscription:

"Democratic Empire Club,"

above a circle of stars inclosing the medallion portraits of Washington at top, Jefferson and Jackson at each side, and Buchanan below.

In the centre the arms of the Empire State of New York.

A brilliant Drummond light followed at a short distance this superb banner and lit up the procession, the banners, and the buildings on each side of Broadway.

A splendid ship followed, having on its foretop sail the word Union, and on the maintop sail the names of the Democratic candidates.

On board the ship was a large transparency, bearing in front the words, "One people, one Constitution and one destiny," on each side.

We have not space to describe the numerous showy banners and transparencies with their emphatic and appropriate devices.

Besides the members of the Empire Club, numerous other societies of the democracy were numerously represented—those, for example, of Jersey City, Hoboken, and Staten Island.

A painting showing the White House, and an unfortunate candidate tossed as high as a kite by the horns of a gallant buck, excited bursts of merriment.

A ship of state, called the Constitution, was on a platform, drawn by four brown horses. They had about one thousand pitch torches, and innumerable small transparencies, such as, "A tried statesman in preference to a jockey of the woolly horse," and various others.

Crossing the centre of the boat was a banner with the following inscription: "This is the way we will pilot Old Buck to the White House."

As the procession came round at Union square, the statue of

WASHINGTON

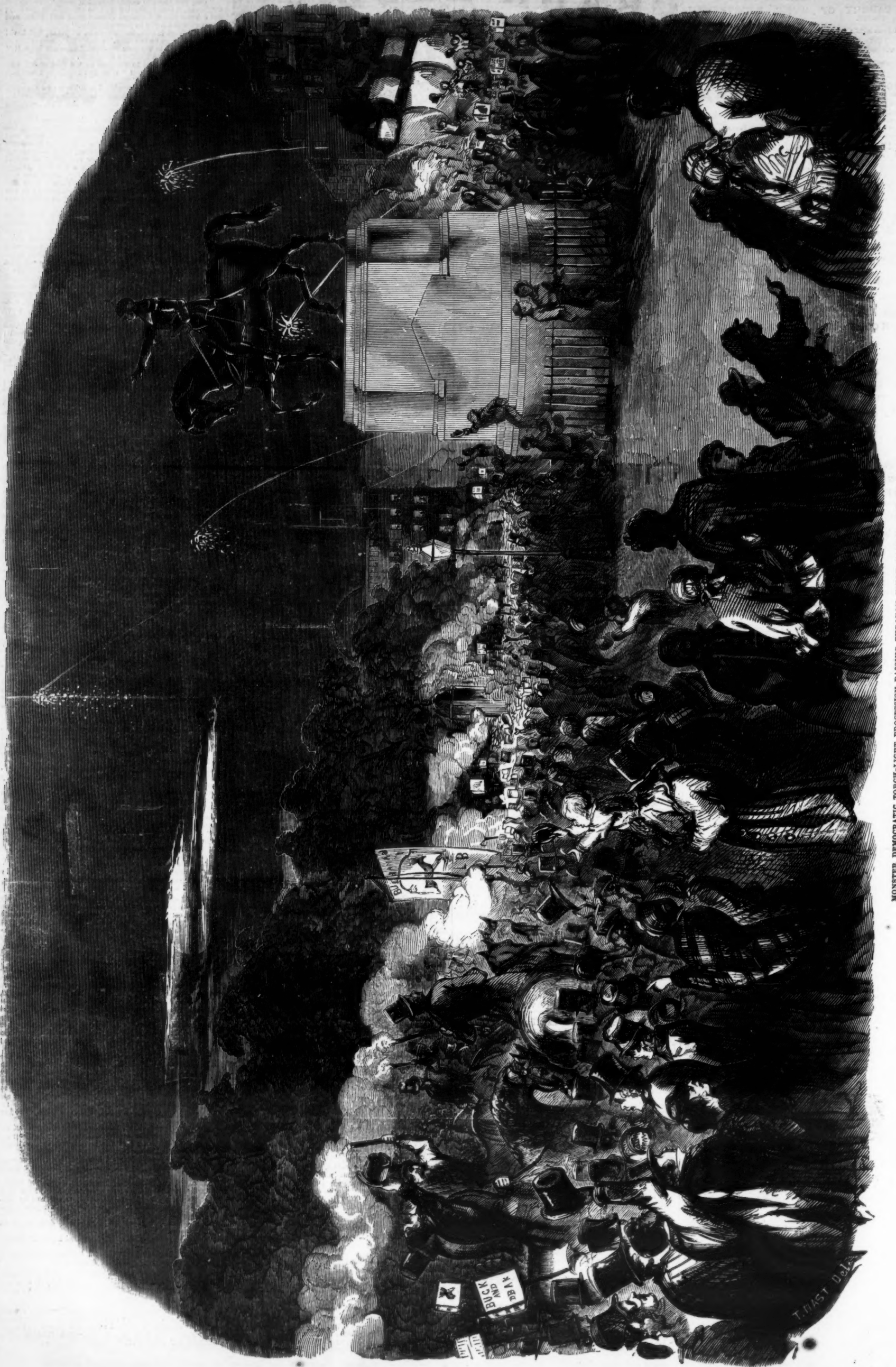
was saluted by each member taking off his hat, and the bands playing the national airs.

The news from Maine, which came during the day, did not seem to damp the ardor or quell the enthusiasm of this great gathering.

Every man and boy was perfectly confident that Buchanan was to be the next President, and shouted accordingly. It is our opinion, however, that this question will be determined by polls, not processions.

ment of him as her guardian ; when he had obtained she could not imagine.

For the continuation of this exciting Romance, see the ILLUSTRATED LEDGER OF ROMANCE. Price Four Cents, \$2 per annum. Published at 12 and 14 SPRUCE STREET, New York. Be sure to ask for "THE ILLUSTRATED



MONSTER DEMOCRATIC TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.